The Relief Society Magazine

July, 1930

Vol. XVII
No. 7

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ELIZABETH FRANCIS YATES

THE
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Mothers Of Our Executive Officers

By Fay Ollerton

UNLIKE as these four women were in their background, their emotional patterns, and in their spheres of activity, a common thread ran through their lives. It was a thing apart even from the gospel that had called them from across oceans and unending plains, and it was one of the determining factors that brought their daughters together as the Executive Board of the Woman's Relief Society.

One of the women began life in the green beauty of rural England, another in an historic Pennsylvania town, a third first saw life in Illinois in the precarious days that preceded the Western migration of the Church, and a fourth was born on the snow covered shores of Utah Lake five years after Brigham Young had planted his cane on the future site of the Salt Lake Temple.

YET, when the ruling traits of any one of the four are written, they speak as well for the other three. All of them had the sincerity and love of naturalness that marks the truly noble. Each of them walked with dignity, whether they lived, for the moment, in a dugout, a log cabin, a simple home, or a mansion built with riches. Always they preserved that "high opinion" of themselves. They had found the secret of harmony and inner peace without which no person can find repose.

IN intelligence and intellect these women ranked high. They had the common sense necessary to guide their own lives and to give inspiration and discretion in helping others. All of them were sought to give advice—perhaps because in their homes success dwelt, born of righteous living, thrifty habits, keen foresight, and harmony of aims and ideals.

Their homes were never without books, from the Bible and attendant Church works to the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, and the then startling ideas sometimes expressed by George Eliot. And there were histories, too. How they all loved history! One cared for stirring tales of patriotism; another devoured biographies; a third sought for volumes dealing with the story of woman's struggle (not yet won); and the four of them were

avid readers of periodicals and newspapers. From them and their kind came the persons who made it possible for women to lift their heads proudly as they do today and to face the world fearlessly.

PERHAPS one of their strongest traits was superior energy. When health permitted it, each could do the work of almost four young women of 1930. They kept their own homes (kept them clean and orderly and with all the beauty they could muster), often spinning, weaving, sewing, assisted in the outdoor work, made butter and cheese, gave their time unsparingly to the Church; spent many hours in administering to the sick and needy; inspired and counselled their husbands; sometimes earned their living; found time for public affairs; read and followed cultural interests, and taught their children. They worked from dawn until far past the twilight hours, yet their energy seldom wavered or failed.

MOST remarkable of all to the women of today, who are torn between the desire of following careers outside the home and of rearing children under happy conditions, is the manner in which these four women, with their strong personalities, their varied talents, and their love for action, kept their personal desires subordinated to the welfare of their Church, husbands, and children. They reared felicitous families without curtailing self-expression.

Elizabeth Francis Yates

AN English officer, home from India, was walking down the Devonshire lanes with his tall, young daughter Elizabeth. "No lady," he told her, "ever leaves the house before she has fastened her gloves."

Elizabeth Francis was still a goodish distance from her teens, but she wanted to be a lady worthy of her gentle mother and her soldier father. In after years, when life had dealt to her some of the bitterest potions it seems to reserve for those whom it loves most dearly, she still fastened her gloves and straightened her prim veil before she left the house. Elizabeth Francis had always been taught to meet the world in her best; the Elizabeth Yates who had walked across the plains so that her "pretty china" might ride, who had lived in a dugout in a little Utah town, and who had spent the last years of her life redeeming her dead in the house of the Lord, always met the world in her best with her head high.

BUT there is a fascinating story that lies between the Elizabeth who attended the Church of England with her pious mother and walked the Devonshire lanes with her officer father and the tall, blue-eyed woman who spent her days in the Salt Lake Temple. And only the smallest part of it can be indicated here.

WHEN Elizabeth was a tiny child she had been sent to a maiden lady's school and taught her letters and the intricate stitches samplers in those days required. On her father's rare visits home, she displayed her knowledge. "Read the Bible," that officer who seldom crossed a church threshold would ask of her. Often he remarked, "Elizabeth, we haven't the gospel with us that you are reading about. But some day it will come, and when it does, you must not be afraid to accept it."

He died when Elizabeth was

twelve, but the girl, soon grown into a tall woman, dark of hair, blue of eyes, and graceful of bearing, remembered, and when she heard the elders of Mormonism, she was not afraid.

YET an almost unpassable chasm stood between her and the truth. When she was fifteen, she had married the administrator of her father's estate, a man much older than herself and far removed from her in desires. She had borne him four girls, one of them now being only a baby, and her joy to have them and her husband know the truth was so great that she could scarcely wait until his return from London.

THIS man saw Mormonism as a thing to be treated with scorn. He told Elizabeth that if she accepted it she would lose her home and children. This last she could not do; neither could she forsake the truth so wonderfully given. She told her huband that she must have her daughters and the gospel too, but he, without giving her an opportunity for further decision, took the children away and kept them hidden from her.

IT was a destitute young woman he left in quiet Devonshire—one burdened with one of the greatest griefs that can come to woman, and one unused to the hard ways of earning her daily bread. She was cooking strangers' bread when a traveling elder of her Church, young Thomas Yates, found her and sent her to Bath to live with his parents. But even in Bath, a living must be earned, and she began work in a corset factory.

MEANWHILE she had not forgotten her children. The baby had died shortly after the separation, and she now spent much of her small earnings in trying to find ways of having the other three children come to her. All her plans failed her, and several years later she and some other saints from Bath made the long voyage across the Atlantic. On July 22, 1862, she was married to Thomas Yates at Florence, Nebraska, and set out to walk to Utah. Perhaps if she had known the many miles across Kansas and Wyoming, she would not have insisted on the china dishes.

DOWN at little Scipio she had Thomas erect a shelf for the china. Children, four daughters and one son, were born now, and the second child, Louise, came near to seeing life for the first time in a potato pit where pop-eyed toads and the fetid odor of sprouting potatoes vied with each other for attention. It was during an Indian raid and Elizabeth was rescued from the pit and taken to the log meeting-house just in time for her daughter, who was destined to be the president of all the Relief Societies, to escape from the ignominy of being born in a potato pit.

WHEN the Yates' first went to Scipio, they were literally without purse or scrip. Thomas had been a clerk in England and neither knew anything of how to combat the vicissitudes of pioneer life. But Elizabeth, who faced the world in her best, had brought with the china dishes some silk dresses, voluminous of skirt and decorated with yards and yards of ribbon velvet. Even in those severe times there were those who had, and in Scipio to have was to own sheep. And sheepmen usually had daughters and

wives. Elizabeth ripped the trimmings from her dresses and sold it to the families for sheep. Then she began cutting the silk, piece by piece. By the time the last dress was gone, she and Thomas had acquired the beginnings of a small flock that was later to bring them the necessities and a few of the luxuries of life.

WHILE the sale of the dresses temporarily deprived Elizabeth of her best, she soon managed a Sunday dress. There was never a time, her children will say, when she did not have a "best" dress and pair of shoes for them. Other children might go hatless in the summer wind, but Elizabeth's wore hats woven of bright colored paper. She was one pioneer woman who did not belong to the sunbonnet era. When she went to church or social gatherings, she wore bonnets fashioned by her own hands. She was scornful of the homely bonnet, even when she took Thomas, who was working in a nearby field, a dinner made of hot greens she had recently dug.

AS the Yates family prospered, they grew in religious prominence. Thomas was a bishop, Elizabeth a Relief Society officer, and later the Stake President of the same organization. It was during her stake days that she bent all of her efforts towards helping the cause of woman's suffrage. "I attended to the matter at once," she wrote to a sister officer in regard to raising money for a national convention. Emmeline B. Wells spoke of her as "the General,"—and the Indian officer would have been pleased to have heard the title.

HER children's education was not neglected. Both Elizabeth and Thomas had fine voices, and they sang "Bell Brandon" and

"To the West, to the West, to the land of the free,
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the Sea,"

to their children and to the groups who came to the Yates home because it was more pleasant there than other accessible places. The Bible, Dickens, and George Eliot were part of the daily fare of the young Yates.' It meant that they had been very bad indeed when Elizabeth did not read or tell them a story.

BUT singing and story telling were only a few of Elizabeth's gifts. She was a toe dancer! The pioneer woman loved life, swift moving and full of laughter, but she was just a little bit afraid of this last talent. It was not seemly, she thought, for a woman of her stature and position to cast off restraint in the dance. Yet once in a while, when some extra good fortune had come to the Yates family, or when they were more than every day happy, she could be persuaded to dance a jig.

HER days passed by in fullness and in strength. There was all the work of maintaining the household (there were times when she made everything Thomas wore, except his shoes manufactured by a local artist), the Relief Society work going from town to town in a white-top, rearing her children with a firm but understanding hand, and entertaining the groups who made her home a half-way place between St. George and Salt Lake.

IT was when she was entertaining George Teasdale in early Scipio days that the dark burden of her life began to be lifted. By means

of a casual remark of his she learned that her oldest daughter Susan in far-off England had joined the Church. The joining had been an outgrowth of the daughter's desire to find the mother so long denied her.

THEN Thomas, as unselfish as his wife, left his home work in Echo Canyon on the railroad that was soon to end the pioneer era. The money was used to bring Susan to Utah. Her coming was a happy time and did much to eradicate the suffering Elizabeth had borne these years in silence.

ANOTHER chance visitor, this time a traveling man Susan's husband was entertaining, noted a resemblance between Susan and a young woman he had seen in Michigan. Susan sent a letter which was advertised in Michigan papers and before long an answer came from Ella, the youngest living child of Elizabeth's first marriage. Money was sent for Ella and her husband to come West, and no person save a mother who has undergone a similar experience will understand the anguish Elizabeth endured during the waiting. What would her child be like? Would she love her mother, and would she understand why the separation had been? These and a hundred other questions racked the mother.

WHEN Ella came, Elizabeth could ask for nothing more. "The loveliest of all her lovely daughters," everyone said. So much was Ella like her mother that it was hard to believe Elizabeth had not reared this child. A few years passed and Ella, too, became a member of her mother's Church.

Seventy-six years passed after the October 8, 1836, when Elizabeth Francis had been born in Devonshire. An illness kept her from temple work, and then another illness and she was gone to join Thomas, with whom she had found so much earthly happiness.

A FEW days after her death in December, her children found a note in a little box where she kept most of her most intimate effects. It read, "Should I die before fast day, I will owe ..... tithing." And in the box was the amount of tithing. She had been prepared, even before she went forth to meet death.

Margaret Zimmerman Brown

MARGARET ZIMMERMAN was fifteen years old when she left Garden Grove for the "Valley Home." She was no ordinary person, this beautiful brown-haired girl with the rosy cheeks and intelligent brown eyes, set far apart. Back of her was an unusual father who had been educated at the University of Berlin and fought in the wars against Napoleon. Once he had been captured by the French and been treated so kindly by them that when he was returned to his regiment, he slipped quietly away to an American-bound ship rather than lift up arms against a people he had learned to love. And there was a refined and intelligent mother, Juliana Hoke.

DURING the four months of the trek, when Margaret and her family had waited days for swollen streams to subside, she had dreamed of this new Western Country and of the strange future it held for her. Once she had seen the cattle

MARGARET ZIMMERMAN BROWN

stampede, and with her own eyes watched a woman fall from a covered wagon and be crushed to death by a wagon driven by those dear to her. And she had walked most of the way across the sunflower and sage brush trails. It is no wonder that her beautiful face had a premature seriousness.

ON the 25th of September, 1851, she wrote in her journal: "Oh, what a beautiful sight! The peaceful valley of little houses and happy homes. Truly a haven of rest after our long and tiresome journey."

A FEW days in the "haven" and the Zimmermans moved to Lehi to share an already crowded house with a kind friend. By spring George Zimmerman had a lot and a log cabin. The hum of the wheel and the heavier music of the loom could be heard from every open door and Maragaret was one of the fastest of the workers. When the girls met, there was talk of ambitions never to be realized. If this handsome Zimmerman girl were a man, she'd not be spending her time over a wheel! What could she do that was better than that, the girls would want to know. Why, she would be a doctor, one who could cure women of their ailments and save babies. But in her time there was wool to be carded, butter to be churned, yarn to be dyed, garments to be sewed, and Margaret was ever one for the job at hand. Besides, a woman doctor, a real one, had never been heard of. Years later she had the satisfaction of having her only son study medicine and of having him for her physician in the closing years of her life.

SHE was very popular, this frank, outspoken Zimmerman girl, with the quick tongue and the laughing answer. If the new play needed a comedian, Margaret was there with her lines learned the first night, and when the scraping of the fiddle began in the log school and church house, she was one of the first ones on the floor and the last to leave in the flushed hours of the dawn. And just as happy were the hours spent with her father—now too old to teach school but not too old to make and mend shoes, a trade that he had become familiar with while in the French prison. He would tell her fascinating stories of student days in Berlin, of Wilhelm the Great, and of the strange Napoleon.

THOSE hours of companionship with her father made some of the youths' chatter seem inconsequential and shallow. When she was twenty-two, she married a tall, dark-bearded man named John Brown, one of the original pioneers, who had already seen much of the world Margaret had dreamed about. Indeed, he was a Southerner and had crossed the plains thirteen times with oxen and mule teams and was already possessed of two families. Her wedding dress was guaranteed all wool, spun into yarn and woven by herself, with white crocheted collar and cuffs. One of her wedding presents was a cow, which for reasons unknown she named Jenny Lind, and her first home had one window in it and an adobe chimney for burning sagebrush.

FROM now on Margaret's girlhood was placed behind her. Ten children in all were born to her. When she had been married a decade and a half, the second wife died, leaving the third with the rearing of three more girls. "I fasted and prayed," Margaret wrote, "that I might do my duty right— when they met their mother

they would feel toward each other as they did when they were separated by death."

NOW her husband was bishop of Pleasant Grove and she lived in a story and a half adobe house with a flower garden in the front and a vegetable garden in the back. There were also chickens and pigs Margaret, for all that her pies and cabbage and wilted lettuce dishes were probably the best in town, was very frugal. There was always a little money in reserve; when her children grew old enough they were sent to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo, accompanied by some of her bedding and a week's supply of food. Her girls were to be given equal opportunities with her boys.

AFTER the birth of her last child, Margaret was bedridden for five years and she was never to be so strong again. It was during these years that the real woman came into her own. She was no querulous patient, demanding sacrifices from her children. Instead she guided her family and almost the entire town from the realm of a four-poster. People came to her for advice because they knew she would tell them the truth—and they respected her judgment. Because she was sorely tried herself, she had great sympathy for the sorrow of others. Let some one tell her a story of grief and Margaret would shift the burden to her own shoulders until she could devise a way out. But if a woman came in with some silly scandal, her reception was a cool one.

STRANGELY, the frank woman did not make enemies. People believed in her wisdom and they could be themselves with her. There was a young man who might have married the wrong girl, a misunderstood daughter, an aggrieved neighbor, and scores of others to testify to the wisdom of this brown-eyed woman. Young people always found Margaret stimulating. Her interest in them lived through the years of invalidism and into the remoteness of old age. They must do something—be somebody. One of the shortest cuts to these ends, she believed, was through education. Because of her influence, each year the Brigham Young Academy gained in number. These young people could come to "Aunt Maggie Brown" with intimate problems they would not take to their parents. If one of them came to her in search of bread, it is not on record that she gave them a stone.

GRANDCHILDREN were growing up now, and there was no place they cared for better. "She was never cross with us," one of her grandchildren tells, "but when she told us to do a thing we did not hesitate." And her children say: "Somehow we did not question Mother's counsel. We might rebel a little, but we knew we would be happier if we observed it."

Her greatest achievement—aside from the fineness of her own life—was her children. There was little mediocrity in Margaret; she did not tolerate it in her boys and girls. She had a high opinion of herself and husband, and she reared her family to hold that same self-esteem. Honesty, integrity—these and like qualities must come first. So strongly did she make them a part of her children that they, like herself, could walk with the low and the high and not lose their own ideals.

According to her beliefs one could not live fully without service—to family, friends, the needy, the Church and State. It has been said

that quiet Pleasant Grove has furnished more than its share of leaders, and Margaret's family are not among the least. One of them has won distinction in the National Council of Women, and all of them have held notable positions in their Church and community life. To Margaret was given the rare happiness of seeing her children be the things for which she had aspired. Utah will be a long time in her debt.

AS she grew older Margaret worried for fear that she would be a burden on her children. She did not want to live longer than the enduring of her energy. All her life she had read, read, read. Nothing pleased her more than a new book of history and if she could get hold of a volume dealing with the lives of the royal families, she could close her ears to the world. The daily papers were as important to her as her meals. When her eyesight failed her, she stuck pins in the headlines she wished to learn more about, so that her children would know where to begin their reading aloud.

WHEN Margaret, now become Grandma Brown, died at the age of 93, one of the finest and most picturesque of the pioneer figures passed away. It was given to her to see many of her desires realized in her children and grandchildren. Among the latter she will, as the years pass, become legendary. One of the greatest of her gifts was that of loving people and drawing from them the good that they were often unable to express with others. This heritage will be pasesd on, and with it the strength of Margaret Zimmerman Brown.

Sariah Jane Starr Alleman

IN Kent County, England, at the time when a small group of men and women were setting about the business of reforming the Church of England, Dr. Comfort Starr, a well-to-do doctor, became stirred with their fervor and sailed for the new world. He settled in the Plymouth Colony. Years later, his descendants, who still carried his adventurous spirit, moved westward. Sariah Jane Starr was born at Quincy, Illinois, on January 8, 1844, in the days when the young "Mormon" Church was fighting for its right to exist. Six years later Sariah's parents came to Utah by way of ox team.

FROM Salt Lake the Starr family moved to Springville, even then a green spot in the sagebrush wilderness. They thought, perhaps, to spend the rest of their days close to the verdant mountains and the blue lake, but at October conference, Brigham Young, who had a way of surprising people, called upon the family to settle in St. George, where strong and skilled men were needed.

SARIAH Jane, who was seventeen and a woman grown, did not go with them on this shorter journey. There was in Springville at this time a young man by the name of Benjamin Alleman. He had been born in Pennsylvania some nine years earlier than the girl, and had found his way to Springville in 1852. He felt that Sariah Jane should remain in the more settled districts, and on March 24, 1861, they were married.

AFTER her marriage Sariah was left much alone. Down in St.

SARAH JANE STARR ALLEMAN

George her father was assisting in the building of the temple. Every year he either came with or sent his wife and daughters to visit at Springville. One of the earliest recollections of the Alleman children is watching the southern road with their mother, who strained her eyes for the red dust tops of the wagons, journeying from southern Utah.

THREE sons and two daughters were born to Sariah Jane and Benjamin. The parents wanted them all to be educated. "We can't give them wealth," Sariah said, "but an education is something that can't be taken from them." But education was a hard problem in those days when people walked miles to borrow a book. Sariah made butter, delivering the fresh yellow pats herself, raised vegetables in the fertile Springville soil and sold them to less provident neighbors. Then she spent hours in the arduous task of weaving carpets so that money could be garnered.

AS strenuously as she worked, she did not neglect her home. Her house was immaculate and there were always good things to eat on the Alleman table when other housewives, less resourceful, bewailed the scarcity and sameness of food. It was a common thing for the Relief Society teachers (and others with a lesser excuse) to call upon Sister Alleman about meal time. Sariah, herself a Relief Society teacher, looked forward to the sisters' visits and concocted recipes in order to delight them with new dishes. She had to be her own woman's page and cook book.

SHE was a tall, handsome woman, with spirited brown eyes and a quick temper which she learned to control. Superstition had no place in her scheme of life, but when she was "impressed" to do a thing, she always found it wisest to go ahead. It is easy to believe that her husband had considerable respect for her first impressions. When he acted on them, he was certain to make a success of his venture.

IN her the eternal Eve was not killed by the rigors of pioneer life. She loved pretty clothes, and since she could make them herself, she could not be accused of extravagance in owning them. Her children remember her, ready for church, dressed in her best silk and carrying a black silk-ruffled parasol, lined with white, and over her arm her treasured paisley shawl. When she was only forty, she wore little black bonnets. Women matured young in her day, and while they worked with the vigor of youth, they accepted old age before today's woman will give in to middle years.

Even as she loved to entertain people, she loved to be entertained. It must have been a trial to her who liked to dance, that her husband cared nothing for the pastime. But no woman was ever left on the sidelines in Utah's earlier days and Sariah was not seriously handicapped by Benjamin's non-indulgence. She loved the theatre, too, and played in the town dramatics when she could find time to take a part. It would have been pleasant to know what dramas she liked best and what parts she cared to enact, but no record was kept of them by her or her children.

SHE was a great reader, sometimes forgetting that the butter must be churned when there was a new book to be had. And she took much pleasure in church going. Her

beliefs had been shaped during the days when men and women suffered privations and endangered their lives for religion's sake, and she did not question the tenets she had accepted from birth. With her she carried the serenity that comes of undoubting faith. It was a great source of satisfaction to her that one son filled a mission to Samoa and that another became a school teacher.

SHE died in 1905, just two years after her husband's death. If we do not remember the drama of pioneer life, her days in the recounting seem quiet and untouched by adventure. But in her childhood she knew hardships as an every day occurrence. Danger that would today change the whole current of our lives, she accepted as part of routine. She fought a winning fight against the elemental moods of nature, and out of a patch of barren earth she helped to make a harmonious home and to rear children whose names are honored throughout the Church. It was part of her compensation that her path was the tranquil one of those who are certain of God's love.

Julia P. Murdock Farnsworth

BECAUSE my mother was Stake President of the Relief Society the General Board members were apt to stay at our house during the conferences. I liked these times, a little perhaps for the fried chicken and ice cream and the lessened discipline, but more for the presence of the ladies themselves. Most of them were a little stout with pleasant, quick voices and their skirts rustled beautifully, and the information they gave of the outside world was stimulating and exciting to my rural ears.

ONE of the Board members I remember best of all. She was Mrs. Julia P. Murdock Farnsworth. While I held her in as much awe as I did the others, yet I was more at ease in her presence. Not so long ago, my mother had told me, Mrs. Farnsworth had lived in the neighboring town of Beaver. In fact I had often seen the tall, red brick house, facing the town square, where the Murdocks still lived, and I had dear friends who spoke of "Aunt Julia" as familiarly as I did of my aunts. Too, her father had been a man whose name we held in honor, and I had heard interesting stories of how Mrs. Farnsworth lived in a huge house in Salt Lake—a city I might visit some day if I were very good.

A GOOD many years passed before I was to see Mrs. Farnsworth again. When I saw her, her beautiful dark hair had lost its color, but her brown eyes were warmer and brighter against their silver background. She was as erect, as gracious, and as great a lady as I had remembered her and it is not often that a child's conception ever finds such realization.

About her in the sunlit living room in Struval Park were numbers of new books, histories and biographies, which she was reading. There were her diaries, too, uniform volumes in which she wrote every day. I asked rather tremulously if I might see inside one, but she closed the book and told me with almost a blush that she sometimes misspelled words.

Julia Murdock Farnsworth, born in the bleakness of a Utah County winter (though there was only Fort Provo then), was the only

JULIA P. M. FARNSWORTH

daughter of John R. Murdock, and from her mother, Almira Lott, and her father she acquired an intense patriotism and love of family. Her mother's people had been the Clapps, who had come to the new world in 1630 with no less a person than John Winthrop, and Captain Clapp had been the Keeper of the King's Keys at Boston port for twenty-five years. Her father was of old Vermont stock and had been influenced to join the Church by the brilliant Parley P. Pratt. John R. had been one of the youngest boys to join the Mormon Battalion. When he left San Diego in 1847 he carried on his back a half bucket of wheat—worth more than its weight many times in gold. He was a tall, handsome man, with keen blue eyes and dark brown hair, and when he rode one of his fine horses, ladies who had seen something of the world were apt to sigh and say that he looked like one of the Virginia cavaliers of colonial days.

BUT John R. had little time for cavalier puruits. He crossed the plains all of thirteen times and once he set forth alone to carry a personal message from Brigham Young to Colonel Kane. Another time he had to leave young Julia at Christmas time to guide a party of emigrants through the deep snow into Salt Lake. A girl could carry her head high with a father like that!

JULIA'S girlhood was far different from that of the average young woman's of Utah. Her mother was not robust and upon the only daughter fell the responsibility of the older woman. The father, whose position made it imperative that he do a great deal of entertaining, was also a man of social tendencies and magnetic personality. When Julia was twelve, he moved to Beaver, near Fort Cameron, and the great of the army, the State, and the Church, were entertained at the Murdock home. At one time Julia was hostess to that glamorous person, General Phil Sheridan.

Winter times she often went to Salt Lake with her father, who was a member of the territorial legislature. It was on one of these occasions that she danced several times with Ensign Evans, who was later to be Rear Admiral of the United States navy. The salmon colored poplin that she wore that night was long a treasured gown, and it is doubtful if another girl at the dance could vie with her dark beauty and vivacious charm.

JUST a stone's throw from the Murdock house was another tall home of somber hue and in it lived young Philo T. Farnsworth. He had been Julia's best friend since she was twelve years old. "We always intended to marry," she said, "and as soon as we were able, we did. There was never any one else for either of us." Julia taught school in Beaver for a year or two until her young man had established himself strongly enough to take a wife, and few people have been happier with each other than they were during the whole of their married life.

Marriage only heightened her colorful activities. Her husband was also a member of the legislature, and while they were still young, he left Beaver to manage the Horn Silver mine—a household word then in Utah. Since that day, Mr. Farnsworth's connection with the mines of the West is a part of Utah's history.

SHE might have chosen to have spent her days in social entertainment, for her husband's position, her home, her grace, and charm uniquely fitted her for such a life. But she was too intellectual a woman and her love of religion was too strong. The Julia who had gone by team to Salt Lake in the dead of winter that she might receive her endowments at the time of her marriage was never allowed to change into a woman who viewed life as a light matter.

It was during her younger days that the fight for woman's suffrage was the hottest. She followed with interest the careers of Susan B. Anthony, Dr. Shaw, and the Carey sisters, and gave much of her time and resources to the cause.

ONE of her favorite diversions was writing historical events for the *Woman's Exponent*. Her last article, if memory serves me right, was called "Patriotic Phases of the Mormon Battalion." She assisted in the present organization of the Mormon Battalion, and is a charter member of the Daughters of the Pioneers. But more than anything she enjoyed her work with the Relief Society.

Julia had been a secretary of that organization when she was fifteen, and she was to spend many years traveling about the towns of the intermountain region. Automobiles were almost unheard of in the early days of her Board service.

NOW, she has retired from active work, but her life is still full and rich. Old friends and relatives are always welcome at her home, and she keeps in touch with the activities of her children and nieces and nephews. Her children and friends are scattered, but she writes to them with the ease and regularity of more quiet days. Her diary, too, she still keeps, and when she will allow it to be read, it will be among the interesting and valuable Utah documents. Her interest in reading—poetry, fiction, and history, has not dimmed.

She has a storehouse of rich memories and years ahead made pleasant by the interest she has cultivated throughout her busy years.

Snake River

By Annie Pike Greenwood

O River! sinister, silver-green, walled high
With lava canyons that must give defy
To time,—if you had never been, O Snake!
Nothing were here the desert's thirst to slake;
Only a dream that never could come true,
The fields of grain now waving near to you.
If—there can be no if—there is no chance!
Certain and true the plans of God advance.
No chance it was, but only planning clear,
Your waters flowing through His fingers here.

"ATUSCADERO" *By Hanson D. Puthuff.*

The Glory of the West

By Harrison R. Merrill

NOT all who look upon the glory of the West really see it until a master has touched their eyes. It is true that all who have unimpaired physical vision see the green of trees, the gold of sunlight, and the forms of mountains, snowcapped, through the mist of summer rains. They may feel elated, lifted by their vision of beauty, but there is glory hiding in the landscapes like a sprite that may not be seen except by those who have been transfigured by an inward genius or a protracted training.

MANY of our pioneer fathers wonder now why they had never known the glory of Bryce or the Grand Canyon, or even of some of our mountain peaks. They saw them all, but in their haste to ride through them or over them or to drive around them they had missed the glory of them, and—they had been without interpreters.

AMONG the interpreters, the seers of western glories, few are so gifted as Hanson Duvall Puthuff, the California artist, whose rare and tender paintings of the Grand Canyon have won him the distinction of being one of its greatest interpreters, and whose rugged paintings of mountains have revealed their hidden glories.

HANSON PUTHUFF has the genius to see and the art to reproduce what he sees. His paintings are alive and moving with poetry. His colors sing of the glory of the out-of-doors—of the mystery of whispering trees, of the daring of overhanging bluffs, and of the splendors of western lights and shadows at evening.

THIS summer Mr. Puthuff is coming to Utah. He is eager to see the glories of the Wasatch, of Utah deserts, Utah trees, and Utah streams. Encamped at the Alpine Summer School of Brigham Young University at Aspen Grove behind Timpanogos, from July 21 to August 22, he will attempt to interpret the Wonder Mountain in oils. Furthermore, he will assist others to interpret in the same media, as he is to teach classes in art during the five weeks immediately following July 21 when the school opens.

UTAH artists and others will assemble to sit at the feet of the seer of western glories. Some of them will be seers, too; men and women who have learned to see in artistic unities.

THE West already has its interpreters, but it is to have more of them. We are fortunate who see well only after we have been shown, that the Wasatch Mountains draw the great artists, and that the Alpine Summer School makes them available as teachers.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Centennial Pageant

THE presentation of the late pageant, "The Message of the Ages," seems to have transcended the highest hopes and fondest expectations, for we cannot recall hearing more general approbation of anything than of the recent pageant presented in the Tabernacle to celebrate the Latter-day Saint Centennial. It was a real fulfillment. As evidence of such we quote from an editorial in the *Relief Society Magazine* of November, 1923.

THE editorial is entitled "Art the Agent of Religion" and opens with a statement to the effect that all doors are open to the Roman Catholic religion through the medium of art. Continuing it says: "We find no fault with the Roman Catholic or Greek Catholic churches on this account. They are living up to their opportunities, but what we do suggest is that other religious bodies possessed of great art possibilities turn their attention to this matter and live up to their opportunities also. The traditions of the Latter-day Saints go back for a hundred years; their history is rich in art material; their idealism is intense. There is no reason why they should not turn to the enriching of their own lives and those of their fellowmen by carrying forth the latter-day message through so rich a medium as the various channels of art present."

IN this pageant the Latter-day Saint Church has certainly lived up to its opportunities, for the lovely pageant encompassed much. Scrip-

ture and cherished Latter-day Saint hymns form a large part of this noble spiritual creation. It was a marvelous fulfilment, full of brightness, full of hope. In it there was nothing oppressive or offensive. It was a story of deep human interest, carried over through the medium of literature, dramatic art, music, costumes, lighting and scenic effect. After one month's presentation it left a public deeply moved and yearning for its continuance. It will be a highly gratifying and highly satisfying time when it shall be presented again.

The Magazine Congratulates Mrs. Evans

THE women of Utah are justly proud of the fact that Mrs. Priscilla L. Evans was elected chairman of the plenary session of the Ninth Annual American Red Cross Convention which met in Washington, D. C., from May 5 to 8. Mrs. Evans has the proud distinction of being the only woman ever elected to fill that position. She is the second person west of the Mississippi to be called to the chair; a man from California, who was chairman of the San Francisco chapter of the Red Cross, also served in that capacity.

MRS. EVANS' personality combines a good, clear intellect with an abundance of personal charm. She has had considerable experience in public life, to which she has added a study of the law. Her degree from the University of Utah is in law. Her companionship with her husband, Hon. Frank Evans, has meant much to both in an intellectual way. The women throughout this intermountain country have a sense of pride in her election and are conscious of the fact that she did the work in a highly satisfactory way. The *Magazine* extends its felicitation and congratulations to Mrs. Evans.

The Missions

THE Magazine takes this opportunity of recognizing the receipt of accounts of Centennial celebrations held throughout the missions. Splendid material has reached our office from Great Britain, the Hawaiian Islands, and from the Northern States Mission. The spirit of the centennary was as wide as the organization of the Church is wide.

OF special interest has been the highly illustrated articles appearing in the German press, that nation having sent a special representative to Salt Lake to collect material. We learned of two missionaries who chanced to be in the city of Genoa, Italy, on the sixth day of April, and they, like all other Latter-day Saints, gave expression to the general spirit of rejoicing and gratitude that characterized the assemblies of the Saints on that day.

IT was an event long looked forward to by the Latter-day Saints. It fulfilled more than the highest expectations of many and ministered to the gratification and spiritual uplift of all Latter-day Saints. Church members, generally, had the privilege of reading the message sent out by the First Presidency. It was a message of good will to all people of the earth and one that brought hope, joy and rejoicing to all who sensed the spirit that had indited it.

Jubilee Boxes

Voices from the Past

By Annie Wells Cannon

APRIL, 1930, marked two unique and unusual ceremonies, incidents of especial interest to the officers and members of the Relief Society.

These occasions were the opening of two "jubilee boxes" that had been arranged, sealed, and put away for safe keeping for a period of nearly fifty years.

MRS. SARAH M. KIMBALL, General Secretary of the Relief Society in 1880, placed in the care of the Church historian, April 1, 1881, a box containing packages and mementos, pictures, newspapers and other matters of note of that time, not to be opened until a designated day which was April 1, 1930.

This box was addressed to the one who might happen to be general secretary at that time in the following words:

"Hon. Secretary: This is dedicated to you with the fond hope and firm belief you are enjoying many advantages and blessings that were not enjoyed by your predecessors.

"May God abundantly bless you and your labors.

Sarah M. Kimball,
Sec. Relief Society.

"Salt Lake City,
April 1st, 1881."

THE other jubilee box was arranged and deposited by the officers of the Utah Stake Relief Society under the direction of Mrs. Margaret T. Smoot, familiarly called "Ma Smoot," in 1881, to be opened April 6, 1930.

Mrs. Kimball had invited many prominent men and women to place a package or envelope in her box, each one to be addressed and delivered to, where possible, the oldest living female descendant of the contributor.

The columns of the *Exponent* of April 15, 1881, contained a short story of the placing of the box, and a poem entitled "Dedication of Sarah M. Kimball's Jubilee Box," by Augusta Joyce Crocheron. These two items constituted all the information to be had on the subject. It was therefore with pleased anticipation that there gathered on the morning of April 1, 1930, in the Genealogical Assembly room of the Church Administration Building a goodly company of Church officials, relatives, and friends or descendants of friends of Mrs. Kimball, to listen to a short program and witness the opening of this "jubilee box."

AMONG those present were President Heber J. Grant who presided at the exercises, Church Historian Joseph Fielding Smith in whose care the box has been for many years, Assistant Church Historians Andrew Jenson and the late Junius F. Wells, President Louise Y. Robison and members of the General Board of Relief Society, Mrs. Julina L. Smith, Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Mrs. Lula Greene Richards, Dr. Ellis R. Shipp, and Zina Y. Card, all of these last named, friends and co-workers with Mrs. Kimball. Several of Mrs. Kimball's family were present, her son Frank D. Kimball and his son Leland, her daughter Elizabeth

Kimball, her oldest grandson Hiram Kimball of Butte, Montana, two granddaughters, Mrs. May Forrester and Miss Florence Kimball, Thomas Seeney, a great-grandson, of Ogden, and his wife and two children representing the third generation, and a granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. Dora Kimball, wife of Roy Kimball.

AFTER briefly stating the purposes of the gathering, President Grant introduced President Louise Y. Robison, who gave a brief sketch of Mrs. Kimball's life and paid a beautiful tribute to her memory. Hon. Franklin S. Richards and Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon both spoke in a reminiscent manner of Mrs. Kimball and her friends and associates in the Relief Society and suffrage work, after which President Grant made the following remarks:

President Heber J. Grant

I AM not on the program to make any remarks, but in view of what Sister Cannon has said I would like to say that when I was a very small child, being my mother's only child, on more than one occasion, Mother took me to the meetings to which Sister Cannon has referred. I wish to bear my witness here today that at one of those meetings, which was held in the home of Priscilla Staines, and at which Grandma Whitney, as we affectionately called her, Aunt Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. Young, Sister Kimball and my mother were present, Sister Eliza R. Snow just before the meeting closed, talked to me by the gift of tongues. (I was a child playing on the floor, not comprehending what these sisters were saying or what they were doing), and Sister Zina D. Young gave the interpretation.

MY mother often said to me when I became a young man that if I would behave myself some day I would be one of the apostles. I always laughed at her and told her to get it out of her head, that I had no ambitions in that direction whatever, that we had lived in poverty and I proposed to devote my efforts to making some money. She said, "Never mind, if you behave yourself you will some day be an apostle."

When I was chosen a member of the Council of the Twelve she asked me if I remembered this meeting in Sister Priscilla Staines' home. I told her, "Yes."

"Do you remember anything that was said to you?"

I said, "Only one thing, and that is that as Aunt Zina D. Young talked to me as I was playing on the floor she lifted her hand and said that I should become a great big man." (And later, as I had grown rather tall, I often thought of that promise made to me as a little child.)

MOTHER said, "She did not say any such a thing; she lifted her hand, interpreting a blessing given to you by the gift of tongues, and said that you should become a great big man in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and become one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church. That is why I have told you that if you behaved yourself some day you would be an apostle. All blessings are predicated upon obedience. On this occasion Aunt Eliza, by the gift of tongues, blessed each and all of the ward presidents who were present, and Aunt Zina gave the interpretation, and knowing that the promises made to the various sisters had been fulfilled I knew that if you

behaved yourself you would some day become one of the apostles."

SHE then asked me if I also remembered being in the home of Heber C. Kimball and of him picking me up and putting me on a table and prophesying about me.

I said, "I do not remember his prophesying; all I remember is that he put me on the table and talked to me, and that he had the blackest eyes I ever saw, and that I was frightened."

She said, "He prophesied that you should live to become one of the apostles and become a greater man in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints than your father was."

The presentation of the box to Sister Lund will now be made by the Church Historian, Elder Joseph Fielding Smith.

JUST before presenting the box, Mrs. Rosannah C. Irvine was introduced and read the following poem, which was written by Augusta Joyce Crocheron, March 30, 1881:

Dedication

Of Sister Sarah M. Kimball's Jubilee Box

Could I the curtain tear away
That hides the future from today,
And look upon the reader's face,
Bent o'er the lines hereon I trace,
How strange, perhaps, the group would be,
Who've come this treasure box to see.
And very few of us, I fear,
Who've placed these little tokens here,
Will meet with you upon that day;
Dear friends—we may be far away.
Should some be there, 'twill not be strange
If they have grown so very changed
That you will wonder—is it true?
And was this portrait really you?
For fifty years will steal away
The face that now we wear today.
But if we do come, never mind—
A seat with the "old folks" we'll find.
If we somewhat "old styled" appear,
In the advanced mental atmosphere,
Ah, let no slighting thought be cast,
Think of the scenes through which we've passed.

Believers, when Truth's golden page
Proclaimed unto a darkened age
God's mandate, to observe his laws,
And give our lives unto his cause;
Through fifty years we've wrought, and still
Give our glad service to his will.
This simile should be enough—
Foundation stones are sometimes rough.

Zion! may thy next Jubilee
Thy Kingdom's power acknowledged see!

May thy fair Temples have a place
In every clime, in every race.
May olden deserts know again
Bright flowing streams and homes of men.
May the oppressed find sweet release,
And warfare end in lasting peace.

To our successors, we bestow
These little tokens, may you grow
Faithful and fearless in the right,
The Gospel be your guide and light.
May you accomplish all that we
Now in our holy calling see.
And may we too be with you there,
Zion's next Jubilee to share.

ELDER JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH then presented the box, saying:

"This is the box! When it was

deposited in the Historian's Office, Orson Pratt was the historian, and this box has been safely guarded from that day until now. I would like to tell you that Sister Lund and I have already had a little interview with this box. We have not opened it. One brother said he thought that we ought to get some dynamite for Sister Lund. I did not have time to do that, but I think Sister Lund reached the conclusion that we almost needed it.

It is my pleasure and duty now to present this box to Sister Lund, the Secretary of the Relief Society, and my responsibility is at an end."

General Secretary Julia A. F. Lund accepted the box with the following words:

I THINK that you will appreciate that I am fully sensible of the responsibility and the great honor that has come to me in this calling, to be counted worthy to be the successor of Sarah M. Kimball.

"There has been much said, and so well said, that it is not my purpose to add a word except to say that I could conceive of no higher mission in life than to be worthy to follow in the footsteps of my great predecessors in office, and to honor, as far as I am capable, the great work they have done, by doing my best in the office of General Secretary of the great Relief Society organization.

"It now becomes my very pleasant duty to open this jubilee box, and to distribute to those who have a right to claim them, the contents."

PRESIDENT GRANT then proceeded to distribute the small packages and was more than pleased to find one from his mother, Sister Rachel Grant, her own picture with a message on the back. Dr. Ellis R. Shipp and Mrs. Zina Y. Card were present to receive their own deposits. Another contributor who is still living but unable to be there on account of illness was Dr. Romania B. Penrose. Dr. Penrose was assistant secretary to Mrs. Kimball in the Relief Society. There were in all sixty-four depositors, besides pamphlets, newspapers, and clippings.

NATURALLY, interest centered around Mrs. Kimball's package addressed in her own fine writing, "To the Honorable Secretary of the Relief Society, April 1st, A. D. 1930." This envelope contained

SARAH M. KIMBALL

the picture of Mrs. Kimball, here reproduced, a small photograph of Eliza R. Snow, a clipping from the *Woman's Exponent* giving the proceedings of the meeting in the Fourteenth Ward, July 17, 1880, when President John Taylor gave very definite and important instructions to the Relief Society and set apart for their particular office President Eliza R. Snow, Counselors Zina D. H. Young and Elizabeth Ann Whit-

ney, and Secretary Sarah M. Kimball.

The following interesting letter which explains the whole story of this "jubilee box" was also enclosed:

Salt Lake City, Utah,
April 1st, 1881.

"To the President of the Relief Society and the Relief Society Secretary:

"Dear Sisters:

I HAVE felt impressed to gather the contents of this Box and direct to you for distribution. It has been with me a labor of love. The thought first came to me Apr. 6th, 1880, when the Church Jubilee gathered many old reminiscences and made them interesting. The opening of this Box is expected to be Apr. 1st, 1930, the Grand Jubilee year of the Church. It has been my endeavor to preserve items of historical interest and I have had satisfaction in my labors. I hope those who distribute will feel happified and blessed in the faithful discharge of this trust which comes to them all unsought.

"Many of the items herein inclosed have been instructive to me and much good feeling has been expressed by the depositors. We hope it will please you to send down genealogical and historical items with blessings to the next generation and that the practice will continue through all generations of time.

"We expect your advantages will in all respects be far superior to what we have enjoyed. Our greatest hope is centered in what will be accomplished by our successors.

I HAVE this day taken to Pres. Taylor's Office the first general report of the stakes of Zion for the approaching conference. God has blessed me and I feel that I will be able to leave more waymarks in official channels than it has been my privilege to find. We are as a Church a growing people and Relief Society labors are becoming more and more understood and appreciated. I send you the design of the first General Society Banner.

"God bless and help you is the prayer of her who writes this.

Sarah M. Kimball.

Request

"We send this link from Eighteen Eighty
To join Time's chain in Nineteen Thirty.
Will our successor, whoe're she may be
Link this with Nineteen Eighty.
S. M. Kimball."

Utah Stake Jubilee Box

THE box put away by "Ma Smoot" and her associates was opened April 29, at a meeting of the

MARGARET T. SMOOT

Utah Stake Relief Society held in Provo, by the president, Mrs. Achsa

E. Paxman, and its contents were distributed by Mrs. Paxman and her assistants to the descendants of the contributors. This box contained many interesting items of history, among them an envelope from Milton H. Hardy, principal of the University of Deseret and superintendent of Utah county schools, containing the third annual catalog of the University and rare pamphlets. One package contained samples of cake and candy which were served at "Ma Smoot's" 73rd birthday party. There were poems by O. F. Whitney and a number of pamphlets and histories by Karl G. Maeser.

There were 171 packages and letters distributed and Mrs. Paxman has still others to send when she locates the persons entitled to them.

The following letter was in the Utah Stake box, a beautiful message to all who read:

"Provo City, March 25, 1881.

"To my children and my grandchildren who may be living when the box which contains this letter shall be opened and the fingers that penned these lines gone back to mother earth:

"I conjure you, my dear children, to be faithful in all your covenants that you make in the Church. Pay all your tithes and offerings with an eye single to the glory of God and be faithful to the end of your days. It is the great love I bear you that causes me to pen you these few lines, the last you will have from me on this earth. It is the voice of your mother and grandmother speaking to you from the grave, calling upon you to live near your God and do all that you can that is left undone for our dead.

MY father, Isaac Higbee, and my mother whose maiden name was Keziah String, and my grandfather, Isaac Higbee and my grandmother, Sophia Summers Higbee and two uncles, Elias and John S. Higbee, with their families, joined the Church in the early days and went up to Jackson County, Missouri, from where they were driven by the enemies from that county to Clay County, in the same state. There my father left his family and went to Kirtland, Ohio, to work on the Temple. When he returned we moved to Caldwell County, Missouri, where we remained two years and were again driven away by enemies out of the state altogether. This time we went to Illinois where we remained some years and in this state the Prophets were killed. Here we built a Temple. We built ourselves up in many things. Many had good houses and farms and built a city and gave it the name of Nauvoo. It was beautifully situated, lying in the bend of the Mississippi River. But again our enemies were upon us. We were driven out again and found a home in these valleys of the mountains. How long we will be permitted to stop here unmolested is for the future to decide. If we do not live our religion God will scourge us until we do.

I WAS born in the State of Ohio, Clearmont County, Palestine, in the year 1826, May 20th, and was married to your father and grandfather in the year 1845, December 23rd, and who departed this life in the year 1879, he being one of the First Presidents of Seventies, and in the full faith of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I COULD mention many things if I thought it necessary in regard to our persecutions and suffering. The first night's sorrow I ever felt

was the first night after we were driven out of Jackson County. We camped at the foot of a high bluff and in the night a terrible storm arose and rain came down in torrents and in the dead of night we had to climb the bluff to keep from being swept away by the swelling flood. We took shelter in a cave formed by projecting rocks after driving the wild hogs out. My dear mother had to be carried up, being too ill to help herself, and there sat in her chair, not being able to lie down. Morning came at last as it always does and with the light we resumed our journey and this day crossed the Missouri River and immediately pitched our tent when in a few moments after my mother gave birth to a son, and that night the stars fell from the heaven and our enemies thought the day of judgment had come.

"My father was ordained to the Bishopric under the hands of the Prophet Joseph in Nauvoo. My present home is in Provo City Fourth Ward. J. E. Booth is our bishop of the ward; Abraham Smoot, president of the stake.

WHEN we came to these valleys with ox teams thirty-three years ago, we crossed over one thousand miles of uninhabited wilderness, save by savages and wild beasts of the desert, but when we came in sight of the beautiful valley of Salt Lake, I wept like a child, and what for—for very joy. It seemed so heavenly and beautiful to me; it seemed as though I stood on holy ground. I was filled with joy unspeakable and full of reverence to my Creator for giving me such a beautiful home.

MY father was made president of Utah County Stake of Zion in 1849, and in the fall of 1850 his only living son, my brother Joseph, was killed by the Indians, who made war with our people and were afterwards whipped and driven into the mountains. (His was the first grave in Provo City.)

MY mother's parents, Thomas and Hannah String (Albison being her maiden name) were not in the Church, nor any of their children except my mother and her sister Margaret. The names of their other children were Ann Conover (her husband's name was Robert Conover), and Hannah James, the wife of George James, and Rebecca, the wife of Ephraim James, also Sarah String, Martha String and James String.

MY father and husband each left a journal and small genealogy which I hope will be taken care of and which is now in the desk of my late husband where I hope it may be found at any future time it may be wanted. I also have some of my father's journals which may be interesting and also my husband's, John Mc Ewan, all of which I hope will be taken care of.

"And now, my beloved children and children's children, down to the latest generation: Be true to yourself and to your religion and to your God, for there is no exaltation outside of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

"I might write much more but we are told to be as brief as possible that there may be room in the box for all.

IF any of my dear children are living when this comes to hand, I hope they will think much of what I have written about, for it is with pure motive. Now do all you can for yourselves, my darlings, and for the building up of the kingdom of God on the earth, and may God bless

you all, is the prayer of your loving Mother and Grandmother,

Amanda M. McEwan.

To her loving children and grandchildren to the latest generation:

"The names of my great grandparents on my mother's side are Josiah Albison and Hannah, his wife. Father's I do not know."

NAMES listed on envelope containing the letter: "Children—Mary Jane Wilkins, Wiliam McEwan, Amanda M. Knight, John H. McEwan, Isaac H. McEwan, Rosilla J. Haws, Eleanor McEwan. Grandchildren—Ellen Wilkins, Oscar Wilkins, Jr., Minerva Wilkins, Mary A. Wilkins, Zina Wilkins, Lydia Minerva Knight, Raymond Knight, William Knight, A. Inez Knight, William McEwan Haws; Jubilee Box, Care Margaret T. Smoot, Stake Relief Society President, Provo, Utah."

SUCH occasions bring to mind many memories of the past and create questioning thoughts for the future. The gifts, letters, pictures of fifty years ago may seem out of date today and so will our treasure boxes when opened fifty years hence seem queer and obsolete to the generation of that period, 1980. Who of us, who today gaze reverently on the pictured faces of the past and read the precious lines written by dear hands, will be among those or represented among those who will receive a message in the days to come, I wonder.

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Mary Birch Miller, a Gold Star Mother

By Cora Carver Ritchie

WHEN that great commoner, William Jennings Bryan, made his last speech in Twin Falls, he told a story about a little white flower. He said he was viewing the grandeur of the Snake River Canyon, with its precipitous walls of molten lava, noting especially its barren, burnt appearance, when his eye glimpsed a small white flower, growing apparently from the very rocks. He marveled at plant life being able to exist at all in such desolate barrenness, much less to thrive and bring forth a beautiful blossom. He was so impressed with the bravery of the little white flower that he decided to reach it. After several perilous efforts he picked the flower.

AS he gazed at its white purity and smelled its dainty fragrance, the thought that came to him was this: if a flower dared to grow and do its best unseen, little knowing the reason, struggling amid desolate hardships to thrive and turn out the best for the world, with only the sun and unheeding river as passers-by, how much more man should strive to do his part, to put forth the very best that is in him.

THAT little white flower had filled its place on earth, little knowing that by its tenacity and beautiful giving it had touched one great heart. If it could feel, how proud it would be to be noticed and held and admired and maybe it would respond to the tear that fell from that kindly eye.

When I first noticed Sister Mary Birch Miller, I thought again of the little white flower. The firm grasp of her little calloused hand, the kindly smile and the wrinkled face, the fast greying hair, and the whole fragility of her little body, gave an impression of a flower that had dared to do its best in spite of hardships.

SISTER MILLER is an exception to the rule that a man is not without honor save in his own country, as her co-workers, neighbors, friends, and especially the children, all express the same love and respect for her. One man said, "She is a little giant." She does every task faithfully, quietly, meekly, so full of humility that many pass her by not seeing. She carries a basket, full of cookies, jelly, or it may be fresh buttermilk, or wonders from her own garden. That basket seems a veritable part of her make-up. No one knows just who will be the recipient.

THE praises of her cookies have been sung in ward poems, plays, papers and songs. Their fame began when she noticed President Kirkman could not eat at the socials as others, on account of his health, so Sister Miller brought her cookies which proved so wholesome and delicious to him.

One Sunday, Bishop Roy Wood read a letter from a mission president. One line said, "We are releasing and sending home to you one of the very best missionaries we have ever had, Elder Woodruff Miller."

THE bishop then reached out his hand and touched a beautiful vase of flowers, small but dainty. He said, "Sunday after Sunday,

winter and summer, a little vase of flowers has been placed on this rostrum. Sister Miller raised the flowers in her garden during the summer. When winter came she made them bloom in spite of the cold. But this year, for the first time, no blooms came. Undaunted, she arranged foliage and placed some lovely artificial flowers to give the effect of reality. All willing service, because of the love in her heart to spread happiness. These flowers speak more to me than you have any idea."

ALL the love, tenderness and gratefulness that one human could hold was uttered in that bishop's words. Many a heart responded. A tear came to the eyes of more than one.

Just a little thing you say. True, but what are the little things? The important part of a great composite.

In February, 1930, an unusual party was given in honor of two of Sister Miller's boys—a farewell for Brother Eleezer Miller who was leaving for a mission to Mexico, and a welcome home party for Brother Woodruff Miller, who had just returned from the Northcentral States Mission.

SISTER MILLER was at her happiest. When asked why she wanted her boys to go on missions she answered, "I like to have them all go on missions. It's a good school, the very best there is. I have one more boy to go." That is the fifth son of the Millers to go on a mission. That is why the little mother was so happy. That night came the realization of long years of planning, scheming and sacrifice on the part of Brother and Sister Miller. These parents have made the idea of a mission imperative in the lives of their sons, so that when the call came each was ready. Only a little thing, you say. Perhaps for some who need not count the cost, but Sister Miller has always been a real pioneer. She has always had to struggle. Life for Brother and Sister Miller has been one long battle with the elements and with life itself, and now when she might enjoy some of the luxuries of life she is willing to give them all so that the money that comes into her home may be spent in the mission field. When asked the hardest thing she has had to do, Brother Miller spoke up quickly: "Lots of hard work and nothing to eat."

SISTER MARY BIRCH MILLER was born in Coalville, Utah, sixty-five years ago. Her parents were Patriarch Richard Birch and Mary Ann Hale. She married Wiliam P. Miller and raised three of his children and has had six boys and one girl of her own. All have been baptized in the Church. Most of them have done temple work. Five boys have filled missions. All keep the Word of Wisdom. They all pay a full tithing. What a record for a family unit! Brother Miller, the father, set the example in ward teaching. Last summer he left his ranch and came fifty miles to attend his monthly ward teaching, not only doing his own but making up several other districts. For six years Sister Miller and her companion, Sister Annie Atkinson, have visited every home in their district every month, thereby gaining 100%. They walked always, through summer's heat, winter's snows, biting winds and mud. Only a little thing, you say. But what a mighty task would have been accomplished had every Relief Society sister done as much!

Brother and Sister Miller lived in Kanosh, Utah, in the early settle-

ment of that place. They endured all the hardships incidental to pioneer life. She said, "We thought we were rich if we had a potato and a slice of bacon. We lived on pig weeds mostly, but they are good weeds. I bottled some for winter greens."

BROTHER MILLER helped dig the canal at the foot of the big clay mountain. It was discouraging work, for as fast as it was dug, washes from the mountain filled it up again, but this was their only drinking water. It was so impure Sister Miller boiled it. She always kept a bucket of boiled water on hand, not only for her own family but for all the school children. Doubtless many grown-ups today will remember that cup of boiled water. Only a little thing, after all,—yes, but mighty powerful if it saved one child from typhoid.

MANY were sick due to poor water and lack of food, so Sister Miller began her nursing career. The only doctor of the town sent her to care for patients he could not reach. She nursed many back to health. At one time she saved a sick Italian child after the doctor and the mother had given it up.

The frantic mother had placed the candles by the child's bedside and the rosary had been said, when to the great surprise of all, Sister Miller brought the child back from the very jaws of death.

Through all her child-bearing and nursing, she has been a constant worker in the Relief Society. At different times she has been counselor, teacher and president, which office she held thirteen years, always unassuming, quiet and efficient.

AFTER moving to Idaho, she was called on for a sacrifice that tests the very strongest. While homesteading in the mountains on the line between Nevada and Idaho, James Earl, her sixteen-year-old son was kicked by a horse. He had to be taken fifty miles to the nearest doctor. After a day and two nights of intense suffering God called him and he left his brave little mother.

A STILL greater trial was to come to her. When the finest young men in America left for overseas during the World War, Gilbert Miller, her oldest son, was one of the first to go. In that famous battle of the Argonne on the first day of the battle, Gilbert was among the first to go over the top. He was killed with a machine gun on the very eve of that battle, September 26, 1918. When no word came, no news of her boy until November 15, 1918, she was prepared to hear of his death, for in her heart she knew he had paid the supreme sacrifice. Gilbert her firstborn, her pride, her joy, big, strong, splendid, clean,—she was calm, knowing his reward was certain.

Now, after more than ten years, she will see through tear-dimmed eyes the white cross No. 68, that marks his resting place.

SISTER MILLER went to France with the first contingent of War Mothers.

While she is away, the father and other boys are carrying on. One of them said, "We are all good cooks; with sister busy with her five children, and Eleezer on his mission, we will take turns doing the housework." I wondered! I marveled! That little woman had trained her boys for every emergency, at home, in church, in society, in the mission field, aye, even in battle; all united, all loved and respected in the communities in

which they live, all filling every task as kindly and efficiently as their mother before them.

SISTER MILLER lives one mile from the church; she attends regularly and walks most of the

MARY BIRCH MILLER

time. Last summer, besides caring for her big, husky boys, canning fruit and doing all her own housework, she nursed three mothers during their confinement. She is known as an expert nurse. Her education has been self-acquired.

SHE loves the new modes of living and travel and was thrilled when some friends took her for an airplane ride. She saves all the extra money she can, going without many desired things, to send to the temples to have work done for her relatives. Her greatest desire after sending her sixth son on his mission is to spend the remainder of her life working in the temples.

LIKE hundreds of other members throughtout this great Church, she is willing to give, to sacrifice, aye, to lay down life itself for those in need.

As she trudges bravely over the miles, her precious basket on her arm, with the wind whipping her skirts about her fragile body, we again think of the little white flower, giving forth the best, thinking little of reward, modest, shy, shrinking from the public eye.

Who knows but the eye of the Greatest Commoner sees and is well pleased and some day will reach forth and pluck the dainty, white blossom and marvel?

If By Dying

By Arthur James Bowers

If by living
I can help one soul to right,
Then let me live;

But if by dying
I can show one heart the "Light",
Then let me die.
For oft' a death can change what life cannot,
And meteless sorrow bring what we had sought.

Bathsheba Blackburn Grundy

IT is a pleasant summer afternoon and a plump, serene woman, scarcely looking her three-score and thirteen years because of her black hair only faintly streaked with grey and her bright grey eyes, is rocking in an easy chair and talking to her daughter. Already the afternoon shadows are purpling the walls of Mt. Timpanogos, as the older woman glances from them to her daughter, who is writing in a church record.

MY chief interest?" Mrs. Bathsheba Blackburn Grundy pauses in her rocking, "Why, religion, of course. What else could it be?" And she turned again to the darkening shadows.

AND truly it was. Religion was early a ruling power in her life—not the narrow religion of her day that read the scriptures on Sunday afternoon in the dim light of drawn shades, but that religion of Christ's which is to visit the fatherless in their affliction and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

NATURALLY, religious thoughts were early fostered in her. Had not her father made the ox team journey of 1849? And her mother, Mary Lane, had been left an orphan at fourteen, on the Plains, by the ravaging cholera. It was this same Mary who two or three years later made the everlasting covenant with Elias H. Blackburn, even then an ardent young man displaying the powers that were to make Patriarch Blackburn revered throughout the Church.

SCARCELY was their honeymoon over when he was called to colonize Provo on a clear little river fringed with willows and Indian tepees. But the thoughts of the first home remained with him, and one day he and Mary made the two days journey to visit old friends in Salt Lake, George A. Smith and his good wife, Bathsheba. The journey proved too strenuous for young Mary, and that night she gave birth to a premature girl who must needs be christened Bathsheba, "because she was born in my home."

BUT the frail child grew into a sturdy girl in whom piety was engendered young. When she was but two years old she was sitting on the hearth watching the bright tongues of flame leap about a black kettle of steaming water for the evening meal. Without warning the rod that held the kettle collapsed without warning, and the scalding water fell over the helpless child. All the medical aid which the pioneer community could afford was summoned, but Bathsheba continued to writhe in agony. As a last resort the girl was taken to Grandmother Goff, who used her homemade salve and called in the elders. Within a few days the child played about the cabin—unscarred.

NOT much later her father was called by Brigham Young to fulfill a mission in England. Then followed periods when Bathsheba had nothing to eat save bread, and very little of that. But they must rely on Providence, and one night a young man in some way connected with the family brought rice, all the rice the family could eat. The little girl lived happily for days in memory of that sumptuous meal.

SOON after Elias Blackburn's return from England his old spirit

of pioneering flamed. This time he moved his family to Minersville, a journey of many days in a covered wagon with Bathsheba and her brothers and sisters starting ahead, barefooted.

IN Minersville troubles were only beginning. Bathsheba, still barefoot, ran through the brush, gathering bits of wool, which she was later to wash, card, spin, and make into a dress for winter. Then there is another eating story that is a classic in its way—the story of a pregnant mother who stooped to grand larceny in order that she might not starve.

FATHER BLACKBURN had garnered a few potatoes for seed purposes and buried them deep in the ground beneath layers of earth, straw and sticks. One night when he was gone, Mary, not so fresh and buoyant now, kept Bathsheba awake after the other children had gone to bed. Mary gave the girl some kind of spade and told her to dig until she found the potatoes. In the light of the dying embers the mother ate two roasted potatoes and the girl one. "I'm starving to death, and there aren't enough for the children," Mary had whispered when her girl had looked wide-eyed at the prizes. Years later, Mother Grundy told her children, "That potato was the best thing I ever ate."

BATHSHEBA naturally developed early, and at sixteen or seventeen she was married, on December 9, 1872, to one Clayton Grundy in the Endowment House at Salt Lake by Daniel H. Wells. She made her vows in a white lawn dress of which she was inordinately proud. Her trousseau consisted of a bed, two pillows, and some quilts.

FROM then on the girl was lost in the pioneer woman. With the increasing duties of her household, she assumed new Church responsibilities. She was first vice-president of that greatly discussed experiment, the Retrenchment Society; then ward president of the Relief Society until Clayton decided that Loa, over in Wayne County, was a better place in which to try his fortune.

IT was here in Loa that she was to spend the most pleasant years of her life and really to find herself. The first position Loa offered her was that of ward teacher, but in a decade or so, after serving as president of the Y. L. M. I. A., she was asked to head the stake Relief Society. This position she kept for twenty-one years—until May, 1926, less than two years before her death. So zealously and faithfully had she worked that she became, not merely the most loved woman of her town, but she received also the distinction of being declared the best stake president in the whole of Zion.

THERE was not a baby born in Loa, nor a sick child, nor a death bed where her soothing hands and serene presence did not minister. "When we would waken in the morning and call her, "her daughter said, "we would go wild with joy if we found her home." Day after day, when the burden was too heavy for her children, she would carry food and clothing to the dark homes of suffering, often waiting for the cover of darkness lest the town should know to whom charity was being measured.

YET even as she worked for her people, she found time for her family and herself. It was a common occurrence to see her at midnight, mending and cleaning clothes

so that the children could go decently clad to school and church. Of all the Church magazines, the *Era* was her favorite; she never neglected the reading of it. Printed sermons held a special joy for her. After she died, her daughter found great bundles of them, mostly clipped from the *Deseret News;* and

BATHSHEBA B. GRUNDY

there was one placed in a letter to be sent to a son in distant Canada.

NEITHER did she neglect the temporal side. She liked good books, being especially fond of the drama. Movies failed to interest her, but she could always be tempted from home by a play she thought worthy.

As a girl she liked to dance and attend parties—a social desire that never left her. She was willing at any time to help in the ward organizations. It was her recreation, her avocation, to do this; almost to the last she attended the Loa socials.

BETTER times had come to the Grundy family; and, luckily, the bleakness of pioneer years had not killed her love for the beautiful. We can see her now—a plump, matronly woman with kind gray eyes and energetic walk—going about her civic and church duties in a neat, black silk dress, with a fine lace collar, gold brooch, and watch. In her wardrobe always were a "dressy hat," a pair of smooth kid gloves, and fine black shoes. She believed women should keep not only their minds but their bodies attractive.

IN keeping with the cheerful tenor of her life were her last days. Death held no fears; it was the great adventure for which she had lived her seventy-three years. During her illness in September, 1928, just a few months after her husband's death, she discussed the matter calmly with her children. "You are none of you to weep, neither are you to harbor sad feelings," she told them. And when the children of the town came to bring her flowers, she smiled and told them goodbye as if she were going on to the next town. The hymns she chose for her funeral were like her days: "Come, Come, Ye Saints," "Come, Let Us Anew Our Journey Pursue," and "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go, Dear Lord."

On that bright September day when she died, one of the finest women of the old order passed on. Relying on faith, she had lived all her life without rest. She believed implicitly in the doctrines of the Church and the teaching of its leaders. She often said that she strove for the happy medium in all things; but in the hearts of the people with whom she lived there was no medium—for she had reached the heights.

A Character Sketch of Helen Gibson Ellsworth

By An Old Friend

ONE of the unique characters of early pioneer days in the West was found in the whole-hearted, genial personage of Helen Ellsworth, of Lewisville, Idaho—lovingly known to her many relatives and friends as Aunt Nell.

BORN on the plains, cradled for ten days in a moving prairie schooner, she filled a long, happy, useful career, and was finally graduated with honors from the school of life, at the age of eighty-one years. Through all the years she was a sturdy representative of the God-fearing mothers in Israel, mothers who, in the pioneer days, braved the dangers of the wilderness, and the trails of the sun-baked desert, to establish in the tops of the mountains an empire after God's own heart.

PRACTICALLY all of her life was spent on the frontier. Her story is largely the story of all pioneer mothers of that early day. To them life was one round of work and thrift and duty. They performed their tasks willingly and cheerfully. Having put their shoulders to the wheel they scorned the thought of turning back.

Helen Ellsworth's parents, Henry Elliot Gibson and Martha Eliza Gibbs, were married at Batavia, New York, on January 1, 1848.

In the spring of the same year, on April 20, they joined Eliza's parents, and began with them the long tedious journey across the continent.

ELIZA GIBSON was the last child in a family of twenty-two children. She was somewhat frail and not in the sturdiest of health when the journey was begun. So it was a strenuous and nerve-racking undertaking for her.

The roads were rough and in places almost perilous. There were long stretches of desert country to be crossed, dangerous rivers to be forded, steep canyons to be passed through, and untold hardships to be met. But this brave young wife was willing to endure all of these things in order to reach Zion and make her home with the Latter-day Saints. Having embraced the gospel, she was prepared to pay the price for her precious gift.

Day after day for five weary months they toiled on across the trackless waste. Then one Saturday night they made camp on the Black Fork River, between Green River and Echo Canyon, in what was then called the Territory of Wyoming.

AS was the custom of the Saints, they rested during the Sabbath day. And it was here, early Sunday morning on September, 10, 1848, that little Helen was born—a blessing indeed to gladden the heart of her tired mother. That mother's long waiting days were over, crowned with a gift of joy. But her journey was not ended. For ten more days the invalid mother lay on her pillow, rocked by the swinging and jostling wagon, as the caravan wended its way across the gray prairie.

AND so it was that Helen Gibson Ellsworth began her career in life.

They arrived in Salt Lake Valley on September 20, 1848, having traveled with a company of Saints under the direction of Heber C. Kimball.

Helen's parents made their first home at the Old Fort in Salt Lake City. Later they moved into the Seventeenth Ward. When Helen was four years of age they located at Mill Creek, where her father operated a lath and shingle mill. From there they went to Ogden and later resided at Willard.

While in Willard, Helen attended her first school, and studied her lessons by the light from the fireplace.

WHEN she was eleven years of age her parents moved to Richmond in Cache Valley.

At the age of ten she was thought to be too old to play with dolls, so she gave her dolls to her little sisters; but she learned to sew for herself by making doll's clothes. When fourteen years of age, she cut and sewed by hand a calico dress for herself. It was a tedious task to hem the full skirt and all the yards of ruffles by hand, but she finished it in two days.

BEING the oldest child in a family of ten, many household cares devolved upon her. Her mother's failing health gave her still more responsibility. From the time she was fifteen years of age she had the care, not only of the household service, but also of the children and her invalid mother. Her household duties were somewhat more strenuous than those of our girls of today. She knit and spun and wove and helped to make candles. She cooked over a fireplace and sewed by hand.

WHEN twenty-one years of age, she went on a visit to Salt Lake City. It was at this time that she first met Brigham H. Ellsworth, a grandson of President Brigham Young. One month from the time of their first meeting they were married in the old Endowment House at Salt Lake City. The ceremony was performed by Daniel H. Wells, on December 27, 1869.

THEY bought a little home at Richmond, and their first child, a daughter was born there. This child was President Brigham Young's first great-granddaughter.

A few years later Brigham and Helen moved to Salt Lake City, where he worked in the machine shops. Later he worked in the saw mill at Aspen Canyon, Wyoming.

In 1882, in company with R. F. Jardine and family, they came as the first pioneers to Lewisville, Idaho. Here they settled permanently. Again they had taken their stand on the frontier of civilization, but their dauntless spirits knew no fear. They put their plow to the furrow and their shoulder to the wheel.

BACK in Utah were three little mounds, sacred to the loving memory of little Johnny and Owen and Biddy. But that was only another sacrifice to be placed on the altar in the reclaiming of the frontier.

Helen, or Aunt Nell, as she was now lovingly called, proved herself a true helpmate. She was strong in body and in spirit, fearless, uncomplaining, and always full of good cheer.

IN this new settlement there were roads and canals to be made, houses and fences to be built, land to be cleared of sagebrush and to be cultivated, wells to be dug, and pests to be fought.

WHILE the homes were being made ready, Aunt Nell and the others lived in tents. As fast as her husband could cut down the logs for their own house, their eight-year-old son dragged them with a horse from the timber near by. Aunt Nell peeled off the bark and put them in the sun to dry. Later, she helped her husband to hoist them into place. By the time the roof was on the house, winter was near at hand. So she helped to daub the house with a plaster of thick mud. When it was finally finished they moved in on October 14. That night six inches of snow fell. As they kindled their fire and cooked their supper, their hearts rejoiced. Aunt Nell has often said that she never appreciated anything like she did that house. It was truly a place of refuge and of rest, and their home for many years.

OF Aunt Nell's eleven children, four were born in Idaho. Three small children were buried in Utah, and her youngest and oldest daughters were buried in Idaho. This latter death was an exceptionally hard trial for Aunt Nell, but she was brave in her own sorrows and ever ready to forget herself in order to help others.

SHE was strong and ambitious, and ready to do her share of the world's work. She made butter and cheese and soap, and raised chickens and garden produce. She usually had her windows full of blossoming flowers. Before fruit was raised in the valley, she used to take the children to the wooded river banks and gather wild currants and dry them for winter use. Later she bottled her own fruit and vegetables. She made quilts and rugs and wove five thousand yards of carpet on her own loom.

WITH so many tasks to perform indoors and outside, one would wonder how she ever found time to help others. Yet she was known throughout the little settlement for her many deeds of mercy. She visited the sick and the needy, she ushered in the living and helped to lay away the dead. For thirty-eight consecutive years she was a visiting teacher in the Relief Society, and she always found time to visit the newcomers in the ward and give them a word of welcome and good cheer. She was the sort of neighbor that the scriptures tell us about—a good Samaritan.

HER husband, Brigham H. Ellsworth, died November 19, 1922, leaving Aunt Nell to finish the journey alone. For fifty-three years they had lived and worked together through all kinds of hardships. Forty years of this time they had spent in Lewisville.

B. H. Ellsworth was himself a very remarkable character. His work, like Aunt Nell's, had been almost indispensable to the Lewisville pioneers. He was a blacksmith and a natural mechanic. Not only could he mend a clock, or a farm implement, or shoe a horse, but he also built headgates and bridges, and caskets for the dead. His genius did not end in mere handicraft, for he was dentist and surgeon as well, for the town. He extracted teeth, set broken limbs, and sewed up bad cuts; in fact, he performed first aid service for all who came to him. He did not profess to be a surgeon, and made no charge for his work. He merely did the work that came to his hands to be done, and counted it part of his experience as a pioneer. Both he and Aunt Nell performed their work in a whole-souled generous manner. Their lives were truly lives

of service to their fellows. They were born to their work. The atmosphere of the desert, and the influence of that mighty pioneer Brigham Young, seemed ever to overshadow them, and hallow the work of their hands.

AFTER Aunt Nell had passed the three-quarter century mark she was still strong in body and young in spirit. She lived alone in her Idaho home during the summer months; and spent most of her winters in Salt Lake City, doing endowment work for her dead in the Salt Lake Temple. She attended to all her household cares and took a pride in paying her living expenses by the labor of her own hands. She was fearless and independent and practical. Any new truth she heard and believed she immediately applied to her own life for her pleasure and benefit.

EVEN in her last years she was never idle. She made quilts and rugs and paper flowers and did fancy knitting and embroidery. She watered and tended her orchard and garden and picked bushels of fruit every year.

ONE of the most unique examples of thrift she performed the summer she was seventy years of age. She went about her orchard and ditches and gleaned all of the blossoming alfalfa she could find. She cut it with her butcher knife, let it lay and cure in the sun, and then carried it in her kitchen apron to the stack. It made fine hay and netted her a good price.

The summer she was seventy-six years of age she planted one thousand strawberry plants, and later pumped water and carried it in buckets to get the plants started.

MOST of her reading and study was from the standard works of the Church and the Church magazines. She gained a testimony of the truthfulness of the gospel at the age of twenty-seven. And all through the years it was a living flame in her heart and a guide to her feet.

She bore eleven children, six of whom are living today. She has fifty-seven grandchildren, and twenty-four great-grandchildren, all of whom hold her in great respect.

IT was a very fitting and beautiful thing that Aunt Nell was able to spend her last days in work for the dead, having already given her whole vigorous young womanhood in service to the living.

Wherever she went, Aunt Nell had loving, appreciative friends. Her busy, cheerful, honest life was at once an inspiration and a power for good. Her fun-loving spirit helped her over many a hard place in the road, and her courage and supreme faith brought her peace when she reached the end of the long bright trail of life.

WHEN I get to a place where I can't get up and walk off and do the work that needs to be done, I'll feel that my life is finished," she said, "and I hope I can pass on."

This wish was granted and her passing was certainly beautiful. She ate breakfast with the family Sunday morning and urged her daughter to let her assist with the morning's work. Later she lay down to rest. She had not been feeling well for a few days. Before six o'clock Sunday evening, she had passed on to the great reward for which she had paid in full measure.

May her children ever cherish in loving memory the principles of truth and beauty after which her generous, whole-souled life was patterned.

Reminiscences of a Pioneer

From the Life of Juliette Stowell Perry, a Veteran of the Relief Society

By Alice Morrill

On November 29 last, Sister Juliette Stowell Perry was ninety-four years old. A member today of the Relief Society of Maeser Ward in Ashley Valley, she was counselor to the president of the first Relief Society in Naples Ward of this Valley.

On account of a fractured hip, caused by falling upon the doorstep of her home nearly three years ago, Sister Perry is now bedfast. Since she has had to give up homemaking, she has lived with her daughter, Sister Etta Caldwell, of Maeser. This dear old lady never complains, and is very grateful for the kindly ministrations of her daughter's family. Faith and patience halo her presence, and she has an encouraging smile and word of cheer for all who visit her.

ON one occasion the Relief Society, held their regular meeting with Sister Perry. She gave a reminiscent talk and recited for the visitors a beautiful poem, which she has retained in memory.* Asked where she obtained copies of poems during her life of exodus and travel, Sister Perry answered: "They came to me in various ways. I remember clipping one from an old Illinois newspaper that I found wrapped around some belongings of ours when we were camped at Council Bluffs. I was always on the lookout for scraps of good literature to memorize." Grandma Perry remembers many of these. When requested, she recites them for her children, grandchildren, or friends. When her visitors inquired about reminiscences, she related the following:

WHEN Mother and Father joined the Church, they were living upon a farm in Westfield, Chautauqua County, New York. Mother was zealous for her religion and had a strong desire to gather with the Saints. Mother and nine children arrived at Nauvoo just after the Prophet was killed, and just when the 'wolf hunt' was on. The mob," Sister Perry explained, "had determined upon 'Mormon' extirpation and had organized gangs to go through the country adjacent to Nauvoo and annihilate the 'Mormons' who were living on farms and were unprotected.

SOON all the brethren and sisters came fleeing into Nauvoo. There were nights and nights when Mother's floor was covered with the beds of the refugees."

Of Nauvoo in the days of its glory, Sister Perry said: "When we were in Nauvoo during that first year, it was like a garden. Everything imaginable had been brought and planted. But after that there was trouble enough, and sorrow, in Nauvoo the Beautiful. We stayed in the city until two days before the mob came in and took possession. Many of the Saints were at Mother's house while men went out trying to drive back the raging mob; but it could not be halted.

"I saw a man come running—I can remember his words: 'Our boys are beaten. Make good your retreat!' Whenever word came to us of what was happening round about, the Temple bell would ring. Mother tied up our things in pack-

*See poem at end of article.

ages and kept them ready, so that when the time came that we had to go, we could carry them in our hands.

I SHALL never forget that night. For a time it was still as still. Mother stood and listened. We could see the mob passing along the road. Our friends took refuge in a corn field. One man, who had been our neighbor, helped Mother as we moved down to the river bank. We didn't know what would happen next. Some were being ferried across to the other side of the river, but after awhile it got so cold that we were taken across on the ice.

BROTHER WILLIAM GOULD went out to where his father owned a farm in Knox County, Illinois, and got some teams. Then we were taken there and located upon a piece of land, where we lived for one year, raising one good crop. After that, with the help of friends, we worked our way, little by little, until we got to Council Bluffs, where we stayed four years. When Bishop Edward Hunter came back from 'the Valley' to gather up the poor, scatterd Saints, we were still living there, in 'George A's Hollow.'

"We left our homes on the 15th of June and arrived in 'the Valley' on the 2nd of October. Upon arriving at the mouth of Emigration Canyon, I recall my feelings when I first beheld in 'the Valley' the settlement that is now Salt Lake City. The buildings, even then, were very respectable.

"Oh! the people in those days were kind. I recall an incident—one of many—that illustrates their kindness. We had just moved into an unfinish frame house. The roof had not been completed and the first snow-storm sifted through. One morning one of our neighbors, who was working on the Temple, passed by on his way to work. Noticing that no smoke was rising from the chimney, he came to the door and found us still in bed with a coverlet of snow. 'Sister Stowell, this will never do,' he said, 'Go down to my place. Don't stop for getting breakfast. When I come home tonight, I'll see what can be done.' I'll always remember the kindness

JULIETTE STOWELL PERRY

of Brother Norton Jacobs. We stayed with his family and ate at his table the rest of the winter, Mother helping all she could with the work.

AFTERWARD, we settled in Provo, and I married William Howard Perry, a young man whom I met in Salt Lake. We moved to Lynn later, and to Cache Valley still later. In 1880 we settled in Ashley Valley. We were there in the early settlement of the Valley, when no Relief Society was even organized. We had a family of ten

children—seven girls and three boys."

Sister Perry's memory is good, and she converses intelligently on many subjects. She reads newspapers, all the Church books, and the Church magazines. Since her hip was broken, she has cut and pieced nine sets of quilt blocks, knit lace for six pairs of pillow slips, made two pairs of pillow slips, and sewed fifty pounds of carpet rags. She is happy to think she still can work.

The following is one of her poems:

SILENT AND LONE

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, are my little ones gone?
Once they were playing about at my knee.
In their frolicsome mirth, their boisterous glee,
They would upset the table, misplace the chairs,
Scattering their playthings, all unawares,
Till sometimes I sighed for the good time to come
When they all would be big and would go out from home.

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, have my little ones gone?
No little faces to wash on this night;
No little troubles for Mama to right;
No tender blue eyes to be sung off to sleep,
No tiny playthings to put up to keep;
No little trundle bed brim full of rollick,
Calling for Mama to settle the frolic.

No little clothes to be hung on the rack,
No tales to tell, and no nuts to crack;
No soft little lips to press me with kisses—
Oh, such a sad, lonely evening as this is!
Silent the house with no little ones near
To startle a smile or chase back a tear;
No little voices to shout with delight,
"Good night, dear Mama, good night, good night!"

Silent and lone, silent and lone!
Where, tell me where, have my little ones gone?
They are out where the great rolling trade stream is flowing;
Out where new firesides with love light are glowing;
Out where the graves with their life-hope is sleeping,
Not to be comforted, weeping, still weeping;
Out where the hill-tops of science are blending,
Up mid the cloud rifts, up, up, still ascending!

Seeking the sunshine that rests on the mountain,
Drinking, yet thirsting, for aye at the fountain;
Out in life's thoroughfare, all of them moiling,
Out in the wide world, striving and toiling.
Little ones, loving ones, playful ones, all
That went when I bade, and came at my call,
Have you deserted me? Will you not come
Back to your mother's arms—back to your home?
Useless my cry is. Why do I complain?
Can I call back my little ones? Never again!

Can the great oak to the acorn return?—
The broad rolling stream flow back to the bourne?
The mother call childhood again to her knee,
That in manhood went forth, the strong and the free?

Ah, no, loving Mother, wish not for them back;
Your work nobly done, their tramp on life's track
Will come like an organ's note lofty and clear,
To lift up your soul and your spirit to cheer.
And though your tears fall when you're silent and lone,
You shall know it is best they are scattered and gone."

Silent and lone, silent and lone;—
"Thy will, O Father, not my will be done!"

Mrs. Hilda M. Richards, Malad Stake literary leader, spoke on "What Have the Literary Lessons Done for Your Stake?" at the Literary Department of the April Relief Society conference. It is regretted that the June number of the *Magazine*, on page 300, reported the address as being given by President Eleanor J. Richards.

Caroline L. Holt

CAROLINE LOUISA EVANS HOLT was born Nov. 13th, 1859, at Spanish Fork, Utah, the daughter of Thomas David and Priscilla Merriman Evans and the third in a family of twelve children. The father heard the Gospel in Wales and joined the Church when sixteen years of age. A year later, or in 1852, he was called to labor as a missionary in Pembrocshire, this mission lasted for six years. While traveling as a servant of God, he met and married the mother of Sister Caroline, April 3rd, 1856, and a few days later they left the land of their birth and set sail for America, arriving in Boston in May.

They immediately started westward; arriving in Iowa, they continued their journey of a thousand miles across the trackless plains with the hand cart company. Brother Evans had the misfortune to be run over when a child and lose one leg. Using a wooden peg in place of his leg made it very hard for him to walk. At times he suffered so much he was obliged to ride and his young bride would pull the load. After many hardships they arrived in Salt Lake Oct. 3rd, 1856. They moved to Spanish Fork in a short time, where their first child was born, a baby girl who was called Emma.

THE father was called to fill another mission in far off Wales, and left Spanish Fork May 2, 1875, in company with Brother Thomas C. Martell. He filled an honorable mission of two and one half years, adding many rich experiences to his life. He died Aug. 2nd, 1906, at the age of 73.

Sister Caroline's mother was an active worker in the Relief Society and was chosen as Secretary in 1857 and labored in that capacity for many years. When the call first came from President Brigham Young for the Sisters to glean wheat, Sister Evans went into the fields with her little ones, taking Caroline along to tend them, thus helping to save the precious grain to be used many years later when we were engaged in the World War, the First Ward of Spanish Fork selling Uncle Sam over $1,300.00 worth.

SISTER CAROLINE lived with her grandmother for six years but returned home to help her mother while the father was in Wales. Sister Evans died Nov. 5th, 1914.

The first school Sister Caroline attended was taught by Bishop Butler's wife in a little adobe house on Main Street. The next teacher was Nancy Woodward who taught in her own home. Silas Hillman, James G. Higgenson, George H. Brimhall and Joseph A. Reese, were also her teachers. She worked as a teacher in Sunday School, teaching a class of young boys in the old meeting house. When the Young Ladies' Retrenchment Association was organized Sister Caroline was chosen as Librarian holding that office until the Wards were divided and then was called to work in the same position in the new ward in which she lived.

Sister Holt was a gifted alto singer and has sung in the choir ever since she was big enough, being a member of the old choir and singing under the direction of William Jones, William James and Owen Rowe. When the Salt Lake Temple

was dedicated she sang with a choir of three hundred voices at two sessions under the leadership of Prof. Giles. She is still a member of the ward choir where she resides.

At the age of 23 she was married to William Nathaniel Holt, the son of a Mormon Battalion member, being united to him for time and eternity in the old Endowment House by Daniel H. Wells, Nov. 2nd, 1882. To this union were born two children, Dolly Patience, Aug. 1st, 1883, and William David Holt, born Sept. 22nd, 1885. In the year 1894,

CAROLINE L. HOLT

Sister Holt had the great misfortune to lose her husband and although her health was poor she continued to press on rearing her children in faith in the Gospel and continuing her work in the Church.

Her daughter Dolly married William Rigtrup, Dec. 6th, 1903, and became the mother of five children, Caroline, Annie Amelia, Dolly Percilla, Carl William and Alge. Shortly after the birth of Alge the mother died, passing away Jan. 20th, 1915. Though this was a great trial for Sister Holt, her great faith in God gave her strength to stand the ordeal and she was able to say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." She has been a mother to her daughter's children and they always find a home and loving care with Grandma.

Her son William graduated from the B. Y. U. and also filled a two and one-half year mission in the Central States. He married Zella Monk June 20th, 1917, and is the father of four children, Phyllis, Caroline, Zella, who died at the age of five months, Josephine and Donna Emma. William resides in Tooele, being Musical Director in the high school.

SISTER HOLT'S greatest public work has been in the Relief Society; when a girl of 18 years she was set apart as teacher, having Sister Rosetta Robertson as a companion. She labored in that capacity until Spanish Fork was divided into four wards. March 3rd, 1892, the Relief Society Sisters were called together in a meeting in the old Central meetinghouse. Sister Eliza Jex was released as President of Spanish Fork Relief Society and four organizations were perfected with Caroline L. Holt president of the First Ward, Thorgerda B. Snell 1st Counselor, Margaret Davis 2nd Counselor, Eliza Hales Secretary, and Ellen Tilley Treasurer.

MANY changes have taken place among those with whom Sister Caroline has labored, many have gone to the great beyond, but our dear sister is still with us. She filled the position of president of the Relief Society for 37 years, being released when the First Ward was divided April 21, 1929.

SHE was always on hand whenever and wherever her services were needed, no night was ever too dark or cold or stormy for her to answer the call and her work could always wait until her duty was done. She has been as a ministering angel in many homes in the time of sickness and death and with the great faith that is her constant companion she has helped us all in times of sorrow. No record has been kept of the many she has helped lay away in death, a Lamanite Sister being one of the number. None can know of the labor she has accomplished, but when that other book is opened a great work will be recorded there. We who have labored with her and know her worth love her best for her untiring labor and great faith. Sister Holt was also a member of the old folks committee from the time they first commenced entertaining the old people until the division of the ward. when a new committee was chosen and she was among the honored guests

At the present time she is active in Genealogical work and it is her greatest desire that as long as she is permitted to live that she may be found among those who are doing the work of the Lord.

Raffling, Games of Chance, Etc.

REPORTS have been received from time to time that, in some instances, at ward fairs and other entertainments, raffling and other chance games have been conducted. The argument used in favor of these contests is that such games are common in the business world and that the purpose for which they are employed is a worthy one. In other words, it is argued that the end justifies the means.

In order, however, that the position of the Church may be clear, we are quoting herewith from instructions given by President Joseph F. Smith and by President Heber J. Grant which express the attitude of the Church authorities. President Smith said, "Raffling is a game of chance, and hence leads to gambling. For that reason, if for no other, it should not be encouraged among the young people of the Church.

PRESIDENT YOUNG declared raffling to be a modified form of gambling and said that 'as Latter-day Saints we cannot afford to sacrifice moral principles to financial gain,' and advised the sisters, through the Woman's Exponent, not to raffle. President Lorenzo Snow endorsed and approved of these statements and said: 'I have often expressed my unqualified disapproval of raffling.'"

President Grant says, "I have always understood that our people were advised to raise their money for charitable and other purposes without indulging in raffling, where chances are sold. There is no objection to creating competition in various ways in ward entertainments in order to raise money, but the selling of chances on any article has been discouraged."

THE spirit of gambling or taking chances for money is so rampant in the world at present that the moderating influence and example of the Church should be exercised in behalf of our young people toward resisting such temptations. We urge that the spirit of these instructions be followed in all ward entertainments, and that proper advice in the same direction be given all members of the Church.

The Presiding Bishopric

Christina Olson Stramberg

MY mother, Christina Olson Stramberg, was born in Sallero, Dalarne, Sweden, January 10, 1861. Her parents were Lutheran, and her father, especially, was of a very religious nature. When nine years old she went to live with a good religious couple, who had no children of their own and there she learned to sing songs of praise to God and to pray for his guidance, and from that time on, continued to ask him to lead her to the right, that she might find her way back to his presence. As she grew older, there was always a longing to find the truth, and she tried the different religious denominations existing at that time, and was baptized into the Baptist Church. But she was not satisfied.

SHE was married and had several children when one day as she was looking for something in the attic of her mother's home she found a book entitled "Evangelists Sauna Grundsatser"* that proved to be a very interesting treaty on gospel doctrine never before heard or seen by her in just that way. It was clearer and easier to comprehend. The book that proved to be a ray of light, leading to this glorious gospel of ours, had been left by one of our missionaries with some family in the community. It had been given to one of her brothers but as it was not interesting to him, it was put up in the attic, where years after she found it.

AFTER faith and prayer and studying and waiting, one wonderful morning in April 1895, an opening was made in the ice on Lake Siljan and my parents went into the waters of baptism and became members of the Church of Jesus Christ. Her prayers were answered and she had found the way which would lead her back to God.

IN the winter following their joining the Church, there were trials and sickness. My father had pneumonia, and also one of the children, and when they had recovered, mother herself came down with the disease. They had an abundance of faith, and their prayers were offered as to someone very near and whom they knew, would help. But she was very sick and it seemed there was no help, and so one night her parents came to bid her, as they thought, a last farewell. She seemed to sink lower and lower and about midnight when my father leaned down to her she whispered that her feet were cold and everything seemed to stop. He felt of her feet and they were cold almost to her knees. She was apparently dying. I remember how he then came rushing out in the kitchen, where we were crying, and got some hot water to her feet, and during that time, how he leaned against our cupboard and cried like his heart was breaking. As soon as he had put the heat to her feet, he leaned over her, thinking that he would soon be left alone with the children, and his grief was heartbreaking, for there was always a wonderful love between my parents, that lasted through this life, and will go on forever. As he came close enough to catch her whisper, he heard her say: If you will go and pray once more I think the Lord will let me

*"True Principles of the Gospel."

stay. There was a lady friend of mothers sitting by the bed but she knew nothing of what happened.

THERE was very much snow that winter and as father went to pray, he knelt down in the snow outside the same wall on the inside of which her bed stood, and there with humbleness of heart he again petitioned the Lord to let her stay.

CHRISTINA OLSEN STAMBERG

As he was praying, she looked down towards the foot of the bed, and a man dressed all in white was coming slowly up to her and she saw that he was holding a bowl in his hand. When he came up to her he took something out of the bowl and gave it to her. She swallowed it and when she looked up again he was gone. When father came in again she said to him that she knew now that she would recover, and she did get well from that very hour.

THERE was no one there that they dared tell this incident to, for fear that it would be made light of, for it was very sacred to them and people there did not believe in spiritual manifestations. But when the missionaries came around on their visits to the Saints they told them that the suit worn by that heavenly visitor, as she described it, was a temple suit, and that someone from beyond the veil had been sent to them in their need to administer to her. In the year 1909 we came to Utah and in 1913 we went through the Temple. When Mother saw the suits worn by the men she said to me, that is just the way he was dressed only I thought it was cloth wrapped around his head instead of the cap.

AND so at least fifteen years before that time, in Sweden, on a cold and dark winter night, when her life was despaired of and there seemed to be no hope, the Lord gave her a testimony that this gospel and its ordinances reach beyond this life and into the eternities. Those that have associated with her in the Relief Society work or anywhere else can testify to her love for, and faith in God and his gospel, and now that her earthly body is laid to rest her spirit can go on without being troubled with sickness and distress as it was the last years of her life here, and as she was the only one of her relatives to join the Church her work there must be very great.

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea
And rides upon the storm."

Emma Joyce Udall

By Levi S. Udall

FIFTEEN minutes prior to the ushering in of the New Year, 1929, Emma Joyce Udall, beloved wife of Joseph Udall, died at the family residence in Eagar, Arizona, following an attack of influenza contracted Christmas Day. She had been in poor health for a number of years and was troubled with a weak heart.

THIS good mother was sixty-six years of age, having been born September 26, 1862, at Centerville, Utah, the daughter of Henry and Ellen Jackson Goldsbrough. The family shortly thereafter moved to Nephi, Utah, where Emma received her early education, and spent her girlhood days. After completing the courses of study given in the Nephi schools, she went to the Brigham Young Academy at Provo which was then in charge of that great educator, Dr. Karl G. Maeser.

ON February 2, 1882, at the age of 19 years, she was married to Joseph Udall in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, and for two years the happy couple made their home in Nephi, where their eldest child Ellen was born. In 1884 this young couple, with one hundred other families, responded to a call from the leaders of the Church to go to Arizona and assist in colonizing that section of the country. They endured the hardships of a seven-hundred-mile trip, which was made with teams and wagons, and lasted about three months. This long, tedious pilgrimage followed the now famous route across Lee's Ferry on the Big Colorado, which was used by all the early "Mormon" pioneers going to Arizona.

ST. JOHNS was reached in August, 1884, and it became the home of Joseph Udall and family for six or seven years. There they built a good brick house and engaged in farming. In 1890 the family moved to Eagar, where they have since taken a prominent part in the development of that community.

MRS. UDALL was a strong character, a woman of honor and principle—brave and fearless. She was ever responsive to the calls made upon her by her Church, she having served for six or seven years as the first Stake Secretary of the M. I. A., following the organization of the St. Johns Stake in July, 1887. After going to Eagar she served as the first organist of that ward, for nearly ten years until succeeded by her daughter Nellie. She was a counselor in the ward Relief Society for several years, and subsequently for a period of sixteen years presided over that wonderful, charitable organization. During her regime a ward Relief Society hall was erected, and a beautiful ward chapel constructed to which, under her direction, several thousand dollars were contributed. Ever a friend to the needy, an unusual amount of charity work was done. She assuredly lived up to the aims of the organization in assisting the needy regardless of color or creed and gave unsparingly of her time and means both in public and private life.

SHE was ever helpful to and encouraged her husband in performing his Church duties. In 1898 he was called to fill a two-year mission in England and this loyal wife displayed her executive ability and business acumen by successfully looking after their varied enterprises during his long absence, as well as being both mother and father to their six small children; and upon his return, for twenty-three years,

EMMA JOYCE UDALL

she loyally assisted her husband during the period he presided as bishop of the Eagar Ward.

IN civil life Mrs. Udall found time outside her family and Church duties to serve for many years as the first lady postmistress at Eagar; in addition to this she acted as the local registrar of vital statistics, and for three years served successfully as County Fair Commissioner, putting on exhibits at the State Fair which brought considerable credit to herself and Apache County. She was a member of the State Child Welfare Board for several years, and also acted, until the time of her death, as local chairman of the National Better Homes Association.

THIS good woman was the mother of ten children, eight of whom survive her, and it was the privilege of her husband and her living children, four boys and four girls, to be present at her bedside at and prior to the time of her death. She is also survived by three sisters and one brother living in Utah. Twenty-three grandchildren survive of a total of twenty-eight that have been born.

A BEAUTIFUL funeral service was held. Special and beautiful musical numbers were rendered and the floral offerings were many and lovely. The various speakers commented on the untiring energy always displayed by the deceased; her loyalty to family and friends, her artistic talent and love of nature and everything good and beautiful, the wonderful flowers she had each year carefully cultivated and her skill as a gardener and horticulturist; her devotion to her family and service rendered to her husband in being his "eyes" as his eyesight has been poor, due to an accident in his early married life; her loving care of the motherless grandchildren, three of whom have been reared by her as tenderly as their own mother could have done.

Her friends left behind are legion and to her husband and children she is a divine gift.

The Meaning of Culture—John Cowper Powys

By Lais V. Hales

MUCH has been written about culture, most of it abstract, indefinite, and helpful only to those chosen few who have infinite leisure and talent. In John Cowper Powys's "The Meaning of Culture," however, we have a book written in beautiful, understandable prose, offering definite help as to the meaning of culture, its value, cultivation, and application in our everyday life. Mr. Powys's book is so inspirational in character that we are tempted to think that it will prove one of those rare books "that alter the course of many lives."

TO be a cultured person is to be a person with some kind of original philosophy." This philosophy the cultured person makes no effort to justify. He does not chafe and fret until his ideas correspond with the ideas of the day. He takes the different sides of a question with a considerable grain of salt. Both science and religion have virtues to him. Not only does the cultured person have a philosophy, but he lives this philosophy. An educated person may hold his ideas in his pocket as so many pennies, but with the cultured person there is no gap between his opinions and his life. His philosophy is what *he is*. He is not resigned in his attitude toward life, but regards God with intense gratitude and intense deference. Feeling that there is some truth in every vision, all truth in none, he treats with reverence and humility every original hint and illuminating suggestion. And above everything the cultured person is aware of being alive—aware of the stream of life.

TO the cultured person literature is not to strengthen his memory nor to enlarge his learning. He reads to enrich his mind with imagination and to make him able to catch the fleeting loveliness which literature speaks of. After reading Thomas Hardy—a f t e r becoming familiar with his grey, sombre moods—the cultured person walks through any English country-side with a response corresponding to the response of Thomas Hardy. After reading Joseph Conrad, how much more fully and richly does the cultured person respond to the unlading of a ship at a darkening waterfront or at the crowded foreign docks of some big mercantile city.

WHILE the uncultured mind views these things and receives its own e s p e c i a l thrill from the raw, direct contact, the cultured mind approaches them through an imagination already charged with passionate responses of the great artists. Their minds are stored from great literature with mental images that enhance their own peculiar vision and make any experience richer and more deeply felt. Mr. Powys feels that so long as the forlornest patches of sky may be enjoyed through the eyes of Achilles or Prometheus, poetry alone can reconcile a man or a woman to the simplest and barest situation. Again, in looking at great paintings our boundaries of individual perception are enlaregd and enriched.

OF religion in its relation to culture Mr. Powys says that "religion in its most flexible form does for us precisely what culture does; and if we have a comprehensive and imaginative faith, does it far better. The personality whose whole being is irradiated with the inward glow of a faith that heightens and quickens every pulse of life, has no need of culture doctrines." Where, however, an absence of faith has rendered religion unattainable, culture may act as a substitute.

THE cultured man will never assist at any kind of mental or moral tyranny. He will reject nothing, despise nothing, "knowing that everything belongs somewhere," that it is needed to make up the great mosaic of life. He will push no religious beliefs on anybody. He will not glibly chatter about the deepest secrets of his life. An educated person wants to expound, to attack, to defend. The cultured person is unwilling to "open the little postern-gate of his secret shrine for every casual traveler to stare at."

THUS the first part of Mr. Powys's book deals with the nature of culture. The latter part deals with the application of culture to life. To Mr. Powys, the life of culture is like a pilgrimage. A person may start at any moment in his life; but whenever he starts, he is bound to encounter obstacles to his life of culture. Two of the most harmful of these obstacles are, first, dull, stupid conversation, which leaves the mind completely untuned, debauched, ruffled, outraged; and, second, the inability to obtain leisure, the inability to be alone. To the cultured person, that day is utterly wasted where one has been cheated of all time to one's self.

CULTURE always results in greater happiness for the individual who practices it. The most fretting miseries we suffer spring from petty worries. The cultured person practices a detachment from the hurly-burly of the world until such an attitude grows to be a natural mental habit.

THE more culture a person has, the more independent he will be of outward circumstances. He may be confined to one remote village-street; he may be bed-ridden; but a passing cloud, a glow of sunlight, a few blown leaves, a little leaf-mould in a flower-pot, will be enough. His mind has been gathering for years impressions that make his life rich and remote.

UNCULTURED people live in the world without being conscious that to be alive at all is the one grand mystery. Though driven by necessity, by hunger, by desire, by economic anxiety, the cultured mind never lets a day end without sifting his store of sensations for the day." Miserable he may have been; uncomfortable he may have been—but he has not been unhappy. He has said to the universe —"What ever you inflict upon me, I can still enjoy."

SINCE true culture is the quickening of a persons' deepest happiness, love affects culture deeply. Love takes so much of the commonplace, the meaningless, the mediocre, from life. The state of being in love stirs up our "soul," and makes us more aware of life. What love can do for a person's culture is "on a par with the miracle that a heavy dew can work upon a thirsty garden. The juices and the saps of a million frustrated growths bestir themselves within their parched stalks."

THE difference between cultured people and uncultured people in their response to Nature is pronounced. The less cultured you are, the more you require from Nature before you can be roused. Uncultured people require blazing sunsets, gorgeous flowers, awe-inspiring mountains. Cultured people are thrilled by the shadow of a few waving grass-blades upon a little flat stone, by a single dock-leaf growing under the railings of some city-square.

TO the cultured mind no scenery is ordinary; "a glass-blade is more than a grass-blade in the early morning; the notes of a bird more than a song; the scent of a flower more than a sweet fragrance." Again, the cultured mind knows that we are most deeply stirred, say, just before twilight, when the sun falls horizontally across the earth and the shadows lengthen. Nothing mitigates one's fear of death more profoundly than communion with Nature. Contact with Nature makes one care less and less what other people think of him. It is the big in life that occupies the fore-ground.

POWYS'S chapter on "Culture and the Art of Reading" is one of his finest. From books, men and women learn to respect each other and to feel reverence for the "primordial comic-tragedy of the difference between them." Mr. Powys pleads for the old, old, great books because of their poetical earthiness, their calm acceptance of life and death. To their readers the "faintly-caught music of the spheres steals nearer." The effect of long absorption in reading is to "purge the mind of annoying and teasing thoughts and to leave us amiable, genial, benevolent. All intimate and intense reading is a kind of secret dialogue between the writer and one's own soul."

CULTURE and self-control are synonymous terms—no "refining of one's taste in aesthetics or in literature can palliate the enormity of being guilty of ungovernable anger." No one can be regarded as cultured who does not treat every human being, without a single exception, as of deep and startling interest.

EXCESSIVE gregariousness is a great hindrance to any deep cultural life. To desire to be always with a group of people is to be uncultured. "To escape among calm influences and be alone is the chief secret desire of every cultured mind." Educated people take sides fiercely and violently in controversy. The cultured people find it hard to do this.

IN relation to one's fellows, culture implies an earth-deep humility. Culture does not 'show' itself at all. It draws out others rather than asserts itself; it is a listener rather than a dogmatist, a peace-maker rather than a disputant. And as for the truth which it pursues, it finds it forever in two places—in everything and everyone; and in nothing and no one."

REAL, beautiful, noble culture is founded upon dreams—long, lovely day-dreams. "Any boy or girl who has spent an hour in happy dreaming has already fulfilled the purpose of creation. Happy are those people with one solitary, independent room, for culture desires for the youth long, silent, solitary hours full of mystical, poetical and metaphysical thought."

Notes from the Field

Minidoka Stake:

IT is with a feeling of sincere sorrow that we must record the death of one of our very able stake secretaries. This sad information was conveyed during the last month in the tidings of the death of Sister Lavinia Berlin, for many years secretary of the Minidoka stake Relief Society. Sister Berlin, was a woman of rare ability, full of the true Relief Society spirit; she was ever valiant in her devotion to that cause, and in addition to this she was public spirited along all lines and took an active part in the community's educational and social advancement. In addition to her Church and her public service, she was the mother of a family, and made in this respect her very valuable contribution to the Church and the state. The General Board of Relief Society wishes to extend to the stake in which she resided, and to her family in particular, most sincere condolence in the passing of this beloved woman.

San Francisco Stake:

VERY interesting tidings were received in the office from the San Francisco stake Relief Society. The sisters of the Dimond ward in this stake write us most delightfully of the visit of Mrs. Joaquin Miller, who was the guest at the literary class of the Relief Society in this enterprising little ward. The class leader, Mrs. Maude Robinson, visited Mrs. Miller at her home, which is in the Dimond ward of Oakland. Mrs. Robinson had wished to have a more intimate knowledge of the life of the Western poet, Joaquin Miller. Mrs. Miller was very much pleased to know that the Latter-day Saint women were studying the poems of her husband, and upon the invitation of Mrs. Robinson, she came to the meeting on Tuesday in March, and gave a talk on Joaquin Miller. Among other things which she read were "Columbus," "The Passing of Tennyson," "Twilight at the Heights," "Juanita," and others. Before reading the poems she explained the conditions and the circumstances which had prompted the author to write the poems which were read. Mrs. Miller spoke of her husband as having a most merciful and charitable spirit, feeling this great compassion for everyone. He loved nature and he loved God, and endeavored to live close to both.

MRS. MILLER is a very highly cultured woman, very cheerful and reads with a feeling of so much appreciation of the spirit of the work that she greatly impresses her audience. She was eighty years and one day old on the Tuesday she appeared before the Relief Society. The secretary of the Dimond ward writes: "We were very happy to have Mrs. Miller with us. She told us so many things about her husband's home life. She was very greatly surprised to hear particulars of the Relief Society, that it had been organized so long, and that there were so many women enrolled." This was certainly a delightful experience for the sisters of this enterprising ward in the San Francisco stake, and is an indication of the way the work of the Relief Society is spreading and winning recognition from the most highly cultured people.

California Mission:

THERE is much interest shown relative to the educational program of the Relief Society. An interesting letter came from Hayden, Arizona, in which it seems great interest is manifest. The meeting held on the anniversary of Relief Society was very successful. Two talks were given on the historic material of the Relief Society. One talk was on the history of the organization of the Relief Society, and the other on its aims and accomplishments. These talks were given at the sacrament meeting on Sunday, March 16, 1930, and reached a very wide group of people. On Tuesday the regular anniversary program was carried out and a delightful hour spent.

St. Joseph Stake:

THE St. Joseph stake held its annual class leaders' convention in the Fall of 1929 at the Thatcher Church House. It was an all day session beginning at 10:30 a. m., with community singing. In response to the roll call which followed, there were 9 stake officers present, 20 class leaders, 107 visiting teachers, 49 members and other officers, bringing the total to 185 interested in the group. In the work which followed in the various class departments, the brethren were greatly interested. The first department, visiting teachers' topic, the subject Tithing, discussed by Brother Spencer Kimball; the theology lesson, subject *The Book of Mormon,* was given by President Harry L. Payne; the literature lesson, *The Life of Karl G. Maeser,* was given by Brother Monroe H. Clark; the social service lesson, taken from *The Child: His Nature and His Needs,* was given by Brother Wesley Taylor. This is a very fine innovation to make, as it gives the sisters an opportunity of getting the viewpoint of the brethren on the very important work which is the subject matter of Relief Society study. A delightful complimentary luncheon by the stake board was served at 12:30.

AT the one o'clock session the opening musical number was "For the Strength of the Hills." The afternoon session was more in the nature of a real community meeting, and the flower show and art exhibition held in connection with the county fair was the subject for much congratulation. During the afternoon, President Harvey L. Taylor gave a very delightful lecture on "Home and Family Life." The subject was handled in an educational and inspirational manner, and was most suggestive to the Relief Society workers assembled.

Tooele Stake:

ON February 13th, the new Tooele stake Relief Society entertained at a social for Sister Maggie W. Anderson, retiring stake president, who has served in a Relief Society stake capacity for 25 years. Her counselor, Sister Mary A. Barrus, was also a guest. They were each presented with a beautiful brooch as a token of appreciation.

At the Union Meeting in March, after the class work had been conducted, the wards of the stake arranged for a very delightful testimonial for the retiring sisters. An excellent program was rendered and the two ladies, with Sister Mary E. Halladay, who still retains her position as counselor to the new president, were made the recipients of a lovely handbag, after which refreshments were served to those present. These two delightful entertainments were very successful.

Taylor Stake:

THE Social Service Class Leader from the Taylor stake writes: "For several reasons it is practically impossible for many of our mothers with young children to attend our Tuesday afternoon meetings. We felt badly about this, inasmuch as we realized that the young mothers were missing the information that would help them greatly in rearing their children. Consequently we decided to organize an evening class, calling it a 'Mothers' Extension Class.' In this we would review the text book *The Child: His Nature and His Needs,* and other material helpful along the same lines. These classes have been organized in five of our six wards, and wherever the work has been accomplished in the classes the attendance has been large and enthusiastic. We have also been greatly interested in health work among the children. We haven't easy access to baby specialists, so we have encouraged the mothers to seek the information available in many of our current publications, and to endeavor as far as possible to put the fine suggestions that are made into practice. We have been very successful in this and feel that much good has been accomplished among the children. We are trying to do some practical things through our Social Service Department.

South Davis Stake

ON Saturday, June 7th, was held the season's closing Union meeting of the South Davis Stake Relief Societies. The auditorium of the Bountiful chapel was well filled. The eight wards were each represented by nearly one hundred per cent.

The invitation to the General Board was accepted by President Robison and Sisters Baxter and Irvine. Sister Layton of North Davis and her counselors and Sister Laura Hansen of Granite Stake were also present.

AT the close of a delightful address by President Robison, Sister Effie P. Eldredge said that it was due to an earnest plea made by Sister Robison to the societies five years ago that a campaign for beautifying their gardens was inaugurated in the stake. In a gracious speech of love and appreciation for her inspiring counsel, the stake president then presented Sister Robison with a lovely basket of delphiniums and daisies.

ANOTHER interesting feature of the meeting was the roll call of ward teachers by Counselor Clara S. Rose. She asked all those who had ever been ward teachers to stand. Practically every woman arose. Those who had served less than five years were then asked to be seated. This was continued, until at the call for forty-five years, only one dear, little sister was on her feet. She, Sister Mary Frances Cook, has served continuously for forty-six years as a Relief Society Ward Teacher. Sister Mary Christensen has served for forty-five years, and Sister Susan Page, for forty-two years. Sister Polly Grant and twelve other sisters who were unable to be present at the meeting have served for over forty years. Sister Baxter gave a splendid discourse on the work of the Relief Society ward teacher. Sister Irvine spoke briefly on value of labor.

AT the close of the meeting the folding doors into the amusenificent flower show. The surprisnifiicent flower show. The surprising and beautiful picture was made more enchanting by strains of music. An orchestra on the flower-banked stage played continuously

during the remainder of the afternoon. Stake President Robinson and his counselor, Brother Clark, joined the group at this time. Punch and cakes were served to all who could leave off gazing at the flowers long enough to partake.

Each ward had a large table for its display. There were six first and six second prizes offered. The judges, Messrs. Bert, Reading and Gregory felt that one bunch of popies deserved special recognition. They personally gave an extra prize to that bouquet. Awarding prizes in a floral contest is as difficult as it is delightful. One could not but feel that the judges were entitled to sympathy as well as envy in their task. Each ward received at least one of the thirteen prizes. North Farmington, the smallest ward in the stake, received the award for the most artistic display. Only experts could have reached a decision on this question. To the laity all were bewilderingly gorgeous and charming. The decision of the judges was accepted by all in the true Relief Society spirit, with the utmost friendliness and good will.

THE flower show was an excellent object lesson in effort, showing the results of labor, the development of artistic taste, and co-operation. The exhibit was made more perfect by the generosity of the Miller and Lund Floral companies, who decorated the stage and hall lavishly, and to the orchestra. The orchestra, sponsored by Professor Whitman, its president, was conducted by Mr. Cecil Carr, with Mrs. Dorothy M. Mitchell as accompanist.

THE visitors soon discovered how utterly inadequate is the average vocabulary to express one's emotions at such a time. Meeting of old friends, sweet strains of music, all the flowers of one's fondest dreams, partaking of the spirit of the Lord in association with fellow workers combined to make this

STERLING WARD RELIEF SOCIETY

The ward that very successfully presented the Bible Mothers Pageant

afternoon one of unforgettable pleasure to all.

South Sanpete Stake

The Sterling Ward Relief Society has won many compliments by successfully presenting for the stake the "Bible Mothers' Pageant." The beautiful scenes were enhanced by the accompaniment of appropriate music and songs. The three Relief Society women (shown in the picture with their granddaughters) who have been members of the Sterling Ward for more than fifty-two years, appeared in the opening scene of the pageant, dressed in white.

Three women who have been members of Sterling Relief Society over 52 years (First scene of the pageant).

West with the Ox Teams

By Cannon Porter

The covered wagons trek across the plain—
(A Mormon Prophet had not died in vain),
Flit of quail's wings, tramp of buffalo;
Dancing and singing around the camp-fire's glow
Low of oxen, sound of trudging feet;
Cream of the earth, these people here to meet.
A coyote's howl, a grave rock-ribbed from wolves;
The whoop of Bannocks scattered to defeat!
Purple sage stretched upon the desert vast;
At last the Rockies reached and climbed and passed
The Happy Valley—
Where land and salt sea meet!

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The Burial Clothes Department desires to announce that it has on hand a large and complete stock of temple and burial clothing in a variety of materials. There are suits for men and women, and burial clothing for children, including tailored suits for small boys.

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